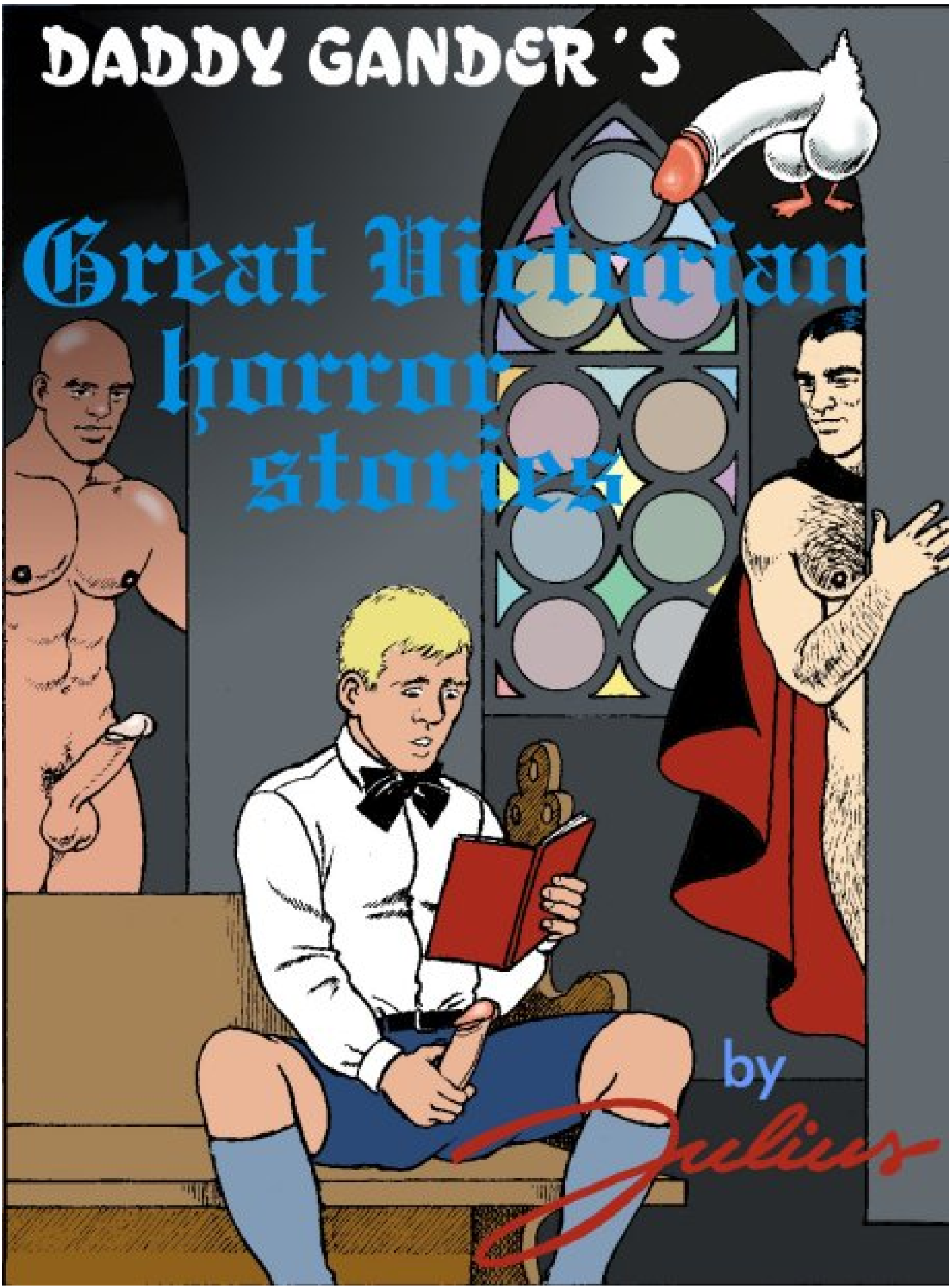
DADDY GANDER'S

Great Victorian horror stories



by Julius

DRACULA

Throughout history, stories about vampires have been told all over the world. To most of us they are just stories...but the people of Transylvania have always taken them seriously. And for good reason. Theirs is the land of ancient Dacia... the blood-soaken battleground of Attila the Hun and his fierce warriors. "The Scourge of God" he was called - and his heritage was bloody and violent. Among his heirs was the noble family of Drakul; the name meaning both "dragon" and "devil." They were known for their inhuman cruelty and the most famous member of the family was Vlad IV Drakul, said to have killed between 40,000 and 100,000 people during his lifetime. It is also told that he used to collect the blood of his victims in huge copper tubs and had his liquor mixed with it. He claimed to be invulnerable because he drank the blood of thousands of Christians. But be that as it may ... he met his death while fucking in 1476 which ended his reign of terror. Or did it??

Vlad's descendants were no less violent.. and one of them: Countess Elisabeth Bathory, is perhaps the best known female serial killer of all time. At the tender age of 13 she gave birth to a son , sired by her own father. The child was taken out of the country.. as was the daughter she had one year later.. again sired by her father. To calm the wild rumors, Elizabeth was married to Ferencz Nadasdyn, a man no less cruel than his bride. She moved into the gloomy and remote castle of Csejthen, named after the mountain on which it was erected. The castle was surrounded by thick forests and one could hear the wolves howling nearby each night. While her husband was away fighting against the Turks, and trying to find novel ways to torture and kill his prisoners, Elisabeth was busy murdering young girls in her castle. She was insatiable in bed and in the absence of Ferencz, she fucked any man she could lay her hands on. But she could only reach a real climax while whipping the young girls and later, bathing in their blood. She also had sex once again with her father, giving birth to another son who later inherited his grandfather's title, and became known as Count Dracula.

It is said that Elisabeth fed her baby a mixture of blood and liquor.. the diet that her ancestors favored. At an early age, he too was sent abroad - after Elisabeth one day found her dissolute father fucking her son. Count Dracula's father, Ferencz Nadasdyn, ws killed in 1604, and his mother was captured soon after. During her trial, she admitted to having killed 650 young girls, and was buried alive in her own chamber in the castle of Csejthen. The windows and doors were stoned up and only a narrow opening was left for her food. The "Countess of Blood" - as she was known - died on the 21st of August in 1614.. and the opening was then closed permanently. The castle remained in the hands of the family, but it was uninhabited for almost two centuries. Howeveer.. the day eventually came when Count Dracula returned..

JULIUS - 96

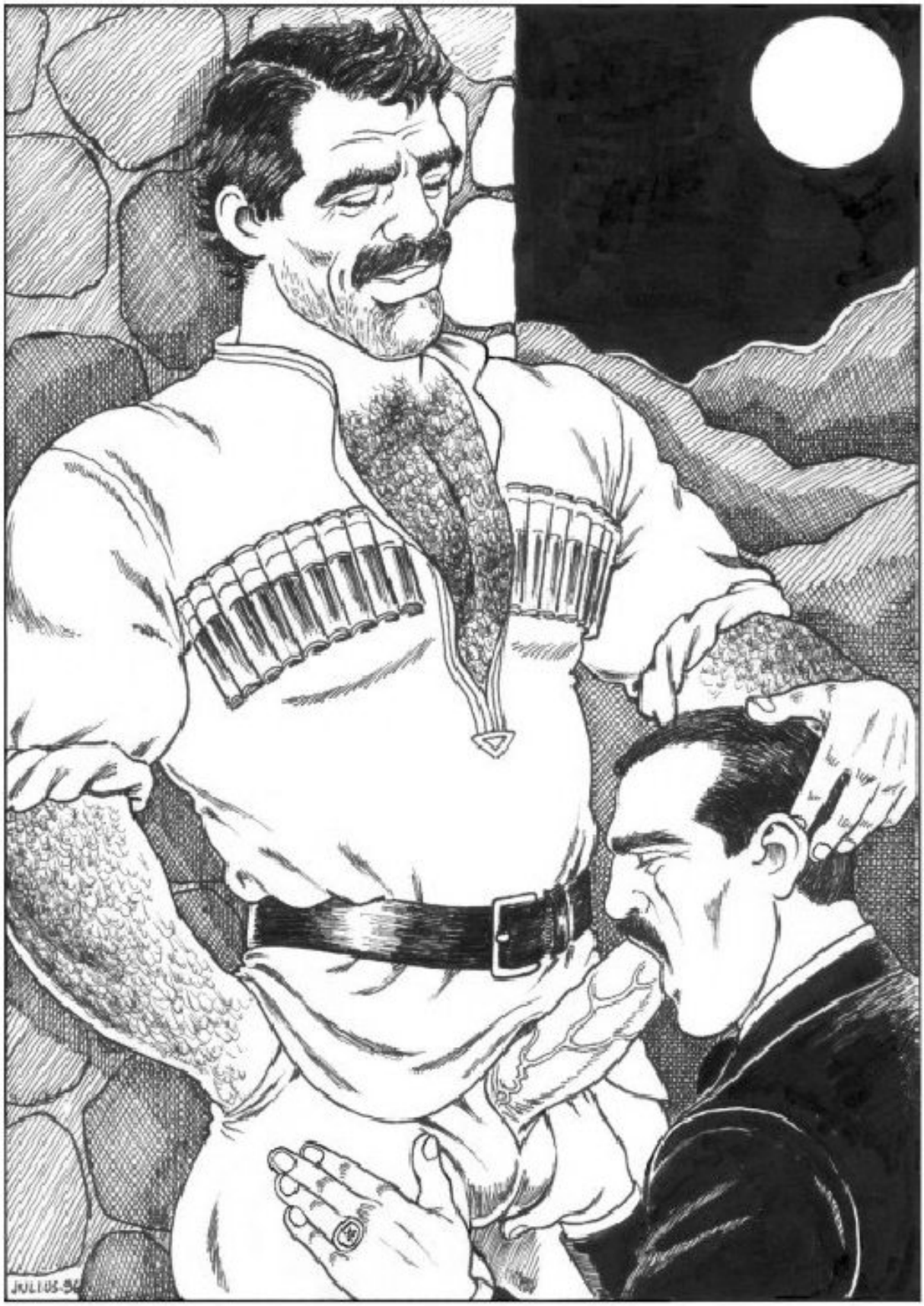
Local peasants had cultivated the lands of the castle as their forefathers had done and with the passage of time, the wild rumors and horrid stories were subdued and largely forgotten.Too many new horrors had occured since then... Some old ladies had a faint recollection of some kind of scandal connected to the castle and its owners, but there was a difference of opinion as to the cause of the scandal. After all, the peasants did not have much time to worry about things like these. They were too busy meeting the demands of the foremen who cared for the estate. When Count Dracula arrived at his castle, curious people lined the roads to see a glimpse of him. All they saw was a refined gentleman, with dark hair and unusually pale skin. He was hurried past them in a glistening black carriage, drawn by four black horses.That was all they knew about Count Dracula until some of them became a bit more familiar with the illustrious Count and strange things started to happen...

The first was Vladim, a big muscular man who loved to drink and fuck around after each hard day in the fields. He had been drinking heavily in the local tavern in his usual manner. He was very drunk when he left at midnight, making noisy farewells to his pals. Outside, in the darkness of the night.. he pulled his throbbing cock out to relieve himself. While emptying his cock against the tavern wall, he realized that he was not alone. Out of the darkness came Count Dracula whom he had seen before.

"Good evening, Vladim," the Count said. "You have a superb tool in your hand. I bet the girls around here would give anything to get it between their legs. Do you mind if I touch it?" Vladim was so drunk that what the Count had said seemed quite natural and he was not even surprised that the Count knew his name. With a wry smile, he put his swollen cock into the Count's hand. Vladim leaned against the wall as the Count's cool hand stroked his cock and somehow gave him a fat hardon. "I've never seen a weapon like yours," the Count said, leaning closer to Vladim. "Before you go and bury it in some lucky cunt, I would appreciate if you will allow me to taste it. It's a peculiar request Iknow, but I love to suck big cocks and I have never sucked anything like your massive tool. I shall make it worth your while if you submit to my whim," the Count whispered.

"So.. the Count is one of those boys," Vladim thought. It was not the first time that Vladim's cock was sucked by a man. In those days you didn't refuse to please your lord and master. Besides, Vladim's land was owned by the Count. and who knows.. he might gain a lot by letting the Count have his way with him. After all, there were some ladies who would have given anything to get an inch more of his stuff inside themselves.. Maybe the Count was going to be equally infatuated, Vladim reasoned as he gave his approval.

As the Count kneeled in front of him, Vladim shoved his big fat cock into the Count's open mouth. No cunt in the world had ever felt more delicious than the Count's wet mouth opening and closing on his rock hard cock. His suction made Vladim curl his toes and he could feel it in his asshole, too. Never had he shot his load so fast, but the Count went on sucking and Vladim really wanted to give him all of it. Little by little, Vladim swooned in a lusty stupor. He still felt orgasmic fireworks while - as if he were an outsider - he watched himself being fucked by the Count. Vladim saw himself fall on the ground as the darkness closed over him.


JULIUS-94

He was found the next morning lying in the stable with a petrified hardon. Nobody could understand what had happened to him. Therre was not a trace of any vital fluids in his body..and the corpse with its everhard erection looked so grotesque and obscene that he was hastily buried. Vladim would soon be forgotten. But then another mysterious death occurred.

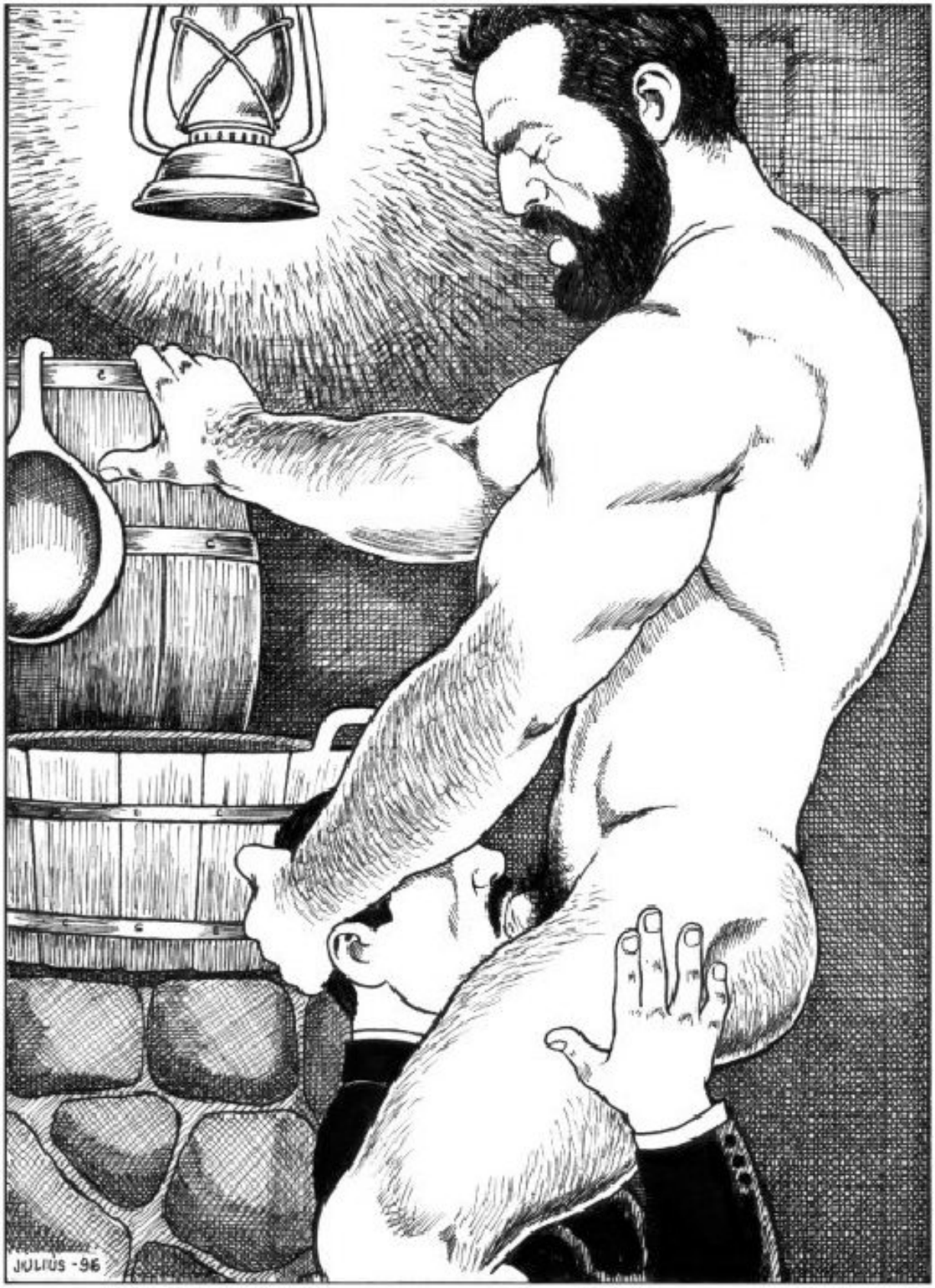
Ferenc was the village blacksmith.. a man in his prime and strong as a bull. He had been working late and was washing himself when he felt a cool hand fondling his sweaty balls and a wet mouth licking his cock. Ferenc's face was lathered and as he opened his eyes in surprise, the soap burned them enbearably. Through his blurred vision he had seen a vague figure kneeling between his muscular thighs and kissing his hardening cock.

Ferencz was a virile and potent man and the heat of the forge warmed his bulging crotch all day long, keeping his cock in a semi-hard state and his masculine lust very much alive. Ferenc's cock responded to the affectionate kisses swiftly and stood up against his hairy belly, hard as a bone. Without delay his throbbing cock was engulfed in the searing heat of the stranger's mouth and sucked like never before. The suction made Ferenc'solid balls tremble out of excitement and his entire crotch was aflame. As he wiped off the soap from his face, he realized that he was being sucked by Count Dracula himself. He had expected to see one of the maids, but for some reason he was not surprised. The Count gave him quite a devoted blow job as he jabbed his rigid cock deeper into his ravenous mouth.

The pleasure was so intense that Ferenc fucked the Count's face with unusual ferocity. In heat he flared his nostrils as spasms of ecstacy tore through his body. Bolt after bold of Ferenc's hot cum disappeared into the Count's mouth as he went through a series of stunning orgasms. He experienced a blissful lightness which increased until he finally lost consciousness..

Ferenc's body was found in the smith the following morning. He too was totally drained of all body fluids and his enormous hardon was so disturbing that he too was buried without delay.

Strange deaths like these began to occur quite frequently. Husky men in their prime were found all over Transylvania, totally drained and with fearsome hardons that remained rock hard even after their death. As no explanations to these mysteries were found, the officials soon denied that anything like that had ever happened. It was only the imagination of the superstitious and ignorant peasants they said... but the people were not fooled by that. They had seen the corpses with their own eyes and knew what was natural better than the bureaucrats. As a result, the men joined together and very seldom went anywhere alone, especially after sunset. Then even stranger things started to happen...

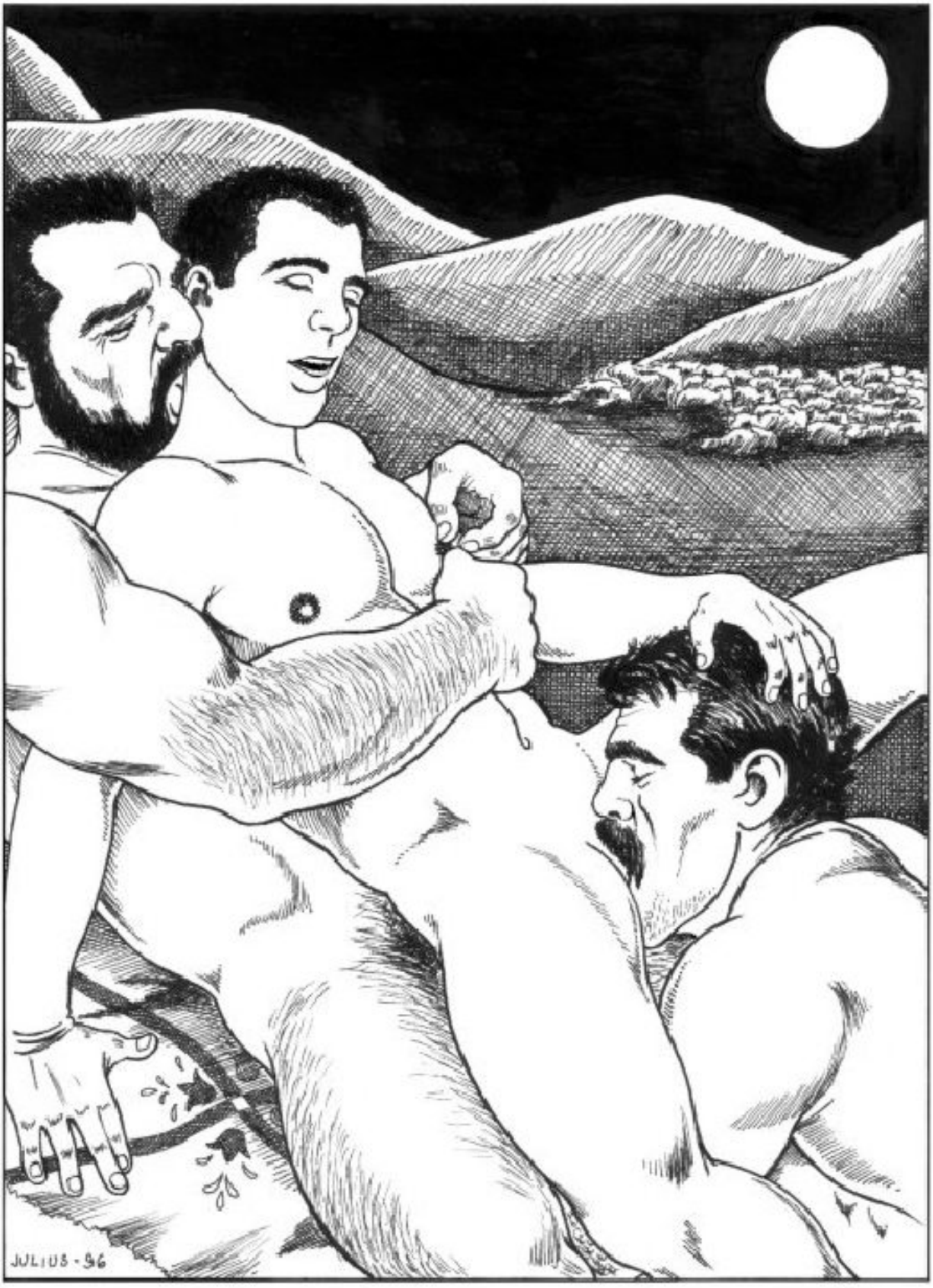

JULIUS -96

Ferenc's son, Janos, claimed that his Daddy was alive and that he had seen Ferenc with his very own eyes. The weather was still very warm, and Janos had decided to sleep in the barn because his mother had used the oven and the cottage was unbearably hot. In the middle of the night, he awakened to see Ferenc standing beside him. No one took the boy seriously; things like that happened all the time as a result of intense mourning. The strained nerves often created hallucinations, but Janos had not told them everything. He woke up all right... but instead of standing beside him, his Daddy was all over him! Janos woke up feeling intense pleasure and noticed that he was in the arms of a naked man who peeled off all of his clothes. The touch of his firm and muscular body made Janos shiver and the hot lips against his neck felt so wonderful that he got an instant hardon. Against his smooth belly, Janos felt the man's pulsating cock as his fingers stretched the boy's tight butt hole. Then the moon came out and Janos saw that he was embraced by his own Daddy. In horror he tried to free himself, but Ferenc tightened his hug and kept Janos in a tight grip.

"Don't panic son. I won't hurt you. I shall only make you very happy; give you pleasure beyond any description." Ferenc then licked his son's nipples, biting and sucking them until they stood out and Janos moaned out of sheer delight. Ferenc fondled his nude body and his touch was so arousing that janos soon forgot his fright and wrapped his arms around his Daddy in total submission. Never before had Daddy touched him like this. When Ferenc kneeled between his smooth legs and engulfed his jutting dick in his mouth, the gasping boy was in ecstacy. Hot waves of intense lust and extreme pleasure vibrated through his body as Ferenc sucked his throbbing dick. More than anything, Janos wanted to please his Daddy and opened his wet crotch fully for Ferenc's ravenous mouth. When Janos was hit by his first ever orgasm, it was so powerful that he thought that he was sure to die and buried his nails into Ferenc's back in search of protection against the immense powers that shook his body. When he realized that the tidal waves of intense pleasure and lust pulsated in his body with overpowering rhythm, he gave in and floated in that omnipotent current to a blissful obscurity...

Later, it was impossible to tell how long he had been unconscious, but as he slowly returned to reality, Janos was aware of a burning sensation in his groin. Ferenc had thrust his massive cock inside his son and Janos wriggled in his arms trying to endure his Daddy's ferocious weapon. Soon Ferenc blasted loose heavy bursts of scalding cum and each surging load revitalized Janos more and more and soon he was fully alive again. By then the skyline had turned light blue as a sign of the approaching dawn, and Ferenc rose up.

Smiling at his son Ferenc said: "With your body and soul you are mine now. You belong to me the way no mortal can ever comprehend." Janos tried to answer, but he realized that his Daddy had suddenly vanished. Janos ran to the door and in the dim morning light he saw his Daddy's vague figure disappear into the forest. Janos sat in the barn until sunrise trying to remember each little detail of his first fuck. Ferenc's hot sperm and all that excitement kept him warm as he rubbed his throbbing butt hole in the cool morning air. He felt some sticky dribbles in his fingers. The tangy smell of his Daddy's cum was intoxicating and the way it got inside him made Janos blush with excitement. He had to tell Mom that he had seen Daddy.. but he could not tell what had actually happened. Later he was frustrated when nobody seemed to take his story seriously. He had seen Daddy.. but he simply couldn't tell them more.

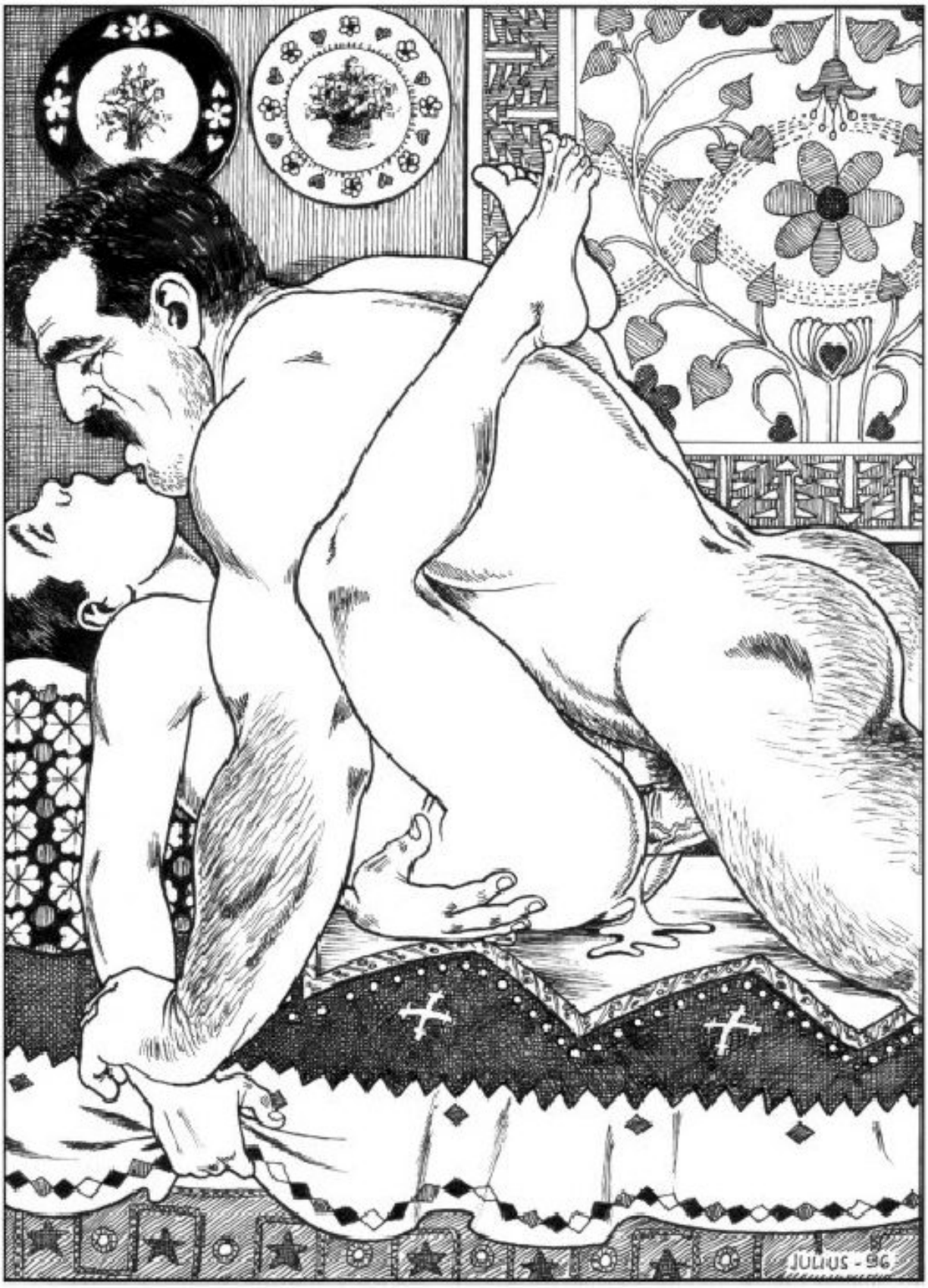

JULIUS-96

Then Andras, the son of a sheep farmer came up with a similar story. Andras had been with his flock of sheep at a pasture near the mountains. When the night came, he made a campfire to warm up his dinner. Later he wrapped up in his big cloak and fell asleep under the starry sky. After a while, he woke up and realized that somebody was removing his clothes. In the light of the campfire, he saw that it was Vladim. Frightened out of his wits, Andras tried to get up but was held down by strong arms. "Keep calm, boy. It's me, Ferenc. Vladim and I came to keep you company. It's warmer and safer not to sleep alone in a night like this. Besides, it's a sin to hide such a delicious body when you can delight so many with your beauty - the two of us included," Ferenc said, kissing and sucking the boys's neck. He tweaked the boy's nipples while Vladim stripped off his remaining clothes and then devoured Andras' dick in his hot mouth.

Andras was flabbergasted. Against his bare back, he felt Ferenc's hairy pecs and tight abs; between his legs Ferenc's throbbing hunk of hard man-meat while Vladim, the biggest roughneck around, was sucking his dick with obvious gusto as he stretched his butt hole with his big fingers. Soon Andras felt the plump head of Ferenc's cock in the cleft hiding his rosebud and he was forced to slide down on his solid erection. Ferenc pounded his meat deeper inside the wriggling boy until Andras was sitting on his crinkly cockbush. The huge gutstretcher inside him made Andras moan, but soon Vladim's suction took away his breath completely. With his strong arms Ferenc forced Andras' legs apart and opened his crotch fully for Vladim's ravenous mouth. In that position, Andras was helpless and vulnerable to all their lusty advances. To his own amazement, Andras was suddenly feeling very horny. He milked Ferenc's blue veined bludgeon with his tight sphincter and buried his fingers into Vladim's thick hair pulling his stubbly face even deeper into his crotch. Vladim's wet tongue caressed his aching balls and the delicious pressure in his cock made Andras arch his back as orgasms flashed through his shivering body. Little by little, his body became weightless, and in a warm haze he just floated into something secret and unexplainable. As if in a trance, he felt how all life was slowly drained out of his body and he entered mysterious darkness teeming with whispers and activity. When Andras regained consciousness, everything happened in reverse order.

Little by little he emerged from the sizzling darkness and became aware of the light and warmth embracing him. He was lying on top of Vladim's hairy body and Ferenc was fucking his butt with his robust rod. Every vigorous thrust of Ferenc's strong hips brought Andras closer to reality. As Ferenc finally blasted loose jets of hot sperm inside the boy's butt, Andras felt as if Ferenc's churning juices were filling his veins. Slowly, Andras woke up and saw that the horizon was already lightening. In the distance, he saw Ferenc and Vladim walking towards the village with arms wrapped around each other's shoulders. Andras was so overwhelmed by his experience that he didn't find it odd at all that they were both buck naked...

When Andras returned to the village, he expected to see Vladim and Ferenc again. In fact, he was looking forward to an encore with those two studs, but as it turned out.. no one else had seen them. Andras told his story. He was too embarrassed to mention the fucking, though. At the same time more disturbing news started to flood out of other Transylvanian villages. Strong and strapping men had been found dead under very strange circumstances. Then the same thing started to happen to the boys. They were found lying in their beds.. totally drained of any body fluids, with a fast hardon and ghastly grins on their faces...

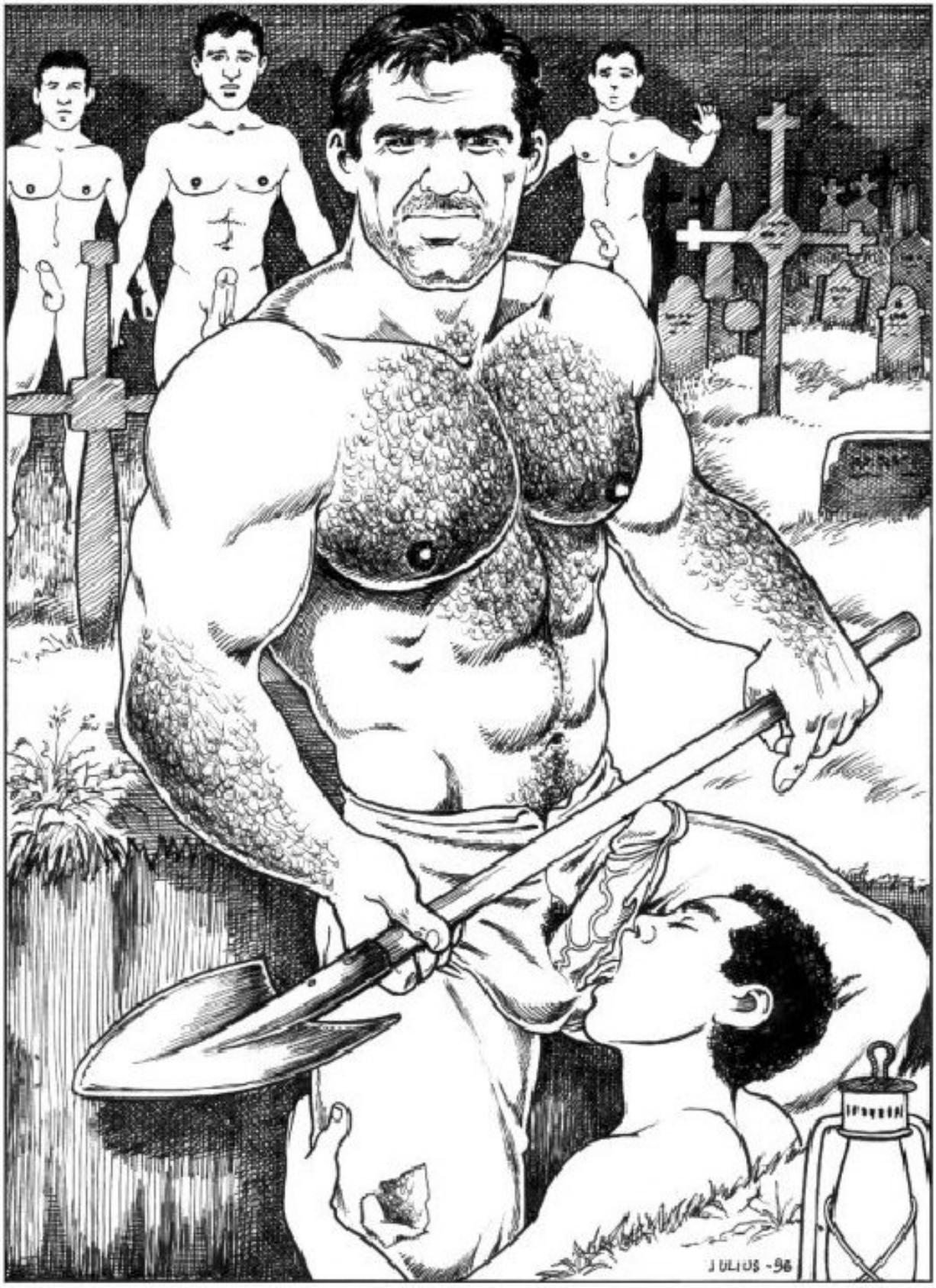

JULIUS - 96

A typical example was Tibor, a wealthy merchant. He was a notorious cocksman and when he was found dead by the roadside with a massive hardon, nobody was surprised. He might have fucked a gypsy and gotten so aroused in the process that his heart had failed. But then Tibor's five sons were found dead, one after another. All except the youngest, Bela, the very apple of his mother's eye. Shocked by the loss of her sons, she refused to let Bela out of her sight and even made him sleep in her bed. One night, her pet, a black mare, was foaling for the first time and she wanted to be sure that everything happened smoothly. She left Bela alone in her bed and went into the stable.

In the middle of the night, Bela woke up in the arms of his deceased Daddy. Bela knew it was a ghost because he had attended his Daddy's funeral, but it sure felt very real. He could even feel Tibor's hard cock between his legs. "Yes, Bela, it's me.. your Daddy. I came to tell you that I am not dead and to show you what he can do. My cock is rock hard and it yearns to make you happy." Tibor whispered while he stroked Bela's furrow with his firm fingers. This was totally new to Bela and he reacted with a thriving hardon. Bela felt Tibor's hot breath on his neck and his furry chest against his bare body as his Daddy shoved his middle finger between his buns and thrust it all the way in to the knuckle. Tibor grazed Bela's prostate with his finger until the boy was breathing laboriously and turned his head from side to side in excitement. It was joined by a second finger and as Bela arched his body, his jutting dick touched Tibor's throbbing cock and his heavy balls. Bela's drooling dick got stuck in his Daddy's thicket of swirling cock-hair when a third finger entered his inflamed butt. If Bela was embraced by a ghost, he only wished that the ghost wouldn't stop doing whatever he was doing. Bela had never been so excited in his life and when the fingers flopped out of his butt and were replaced with Tibor's substantially built cock, the boy gasped in ecstacy. Tibor pounded his turgid cock into his son and Bela lifted his butt to ease the way. As Tibor rammed in the last few inches, Bela groaned in agony, and as soon as he was fully in, the pain eased. Tibor then fucked his son deep and hard, pulling out almost every inch of his massive cock and slamming it forcefully back again. Their bodies slapped together with a force that pumped the air out of Bela's lungs and the boy's breathing became both shallower and faster. As Tibor's fuck strokes turned very hard and very quick, his panting became intense and soon his whole body contracted and the ecstatic spasms started. While his fierce cock spat the thick cream into Bela's trembling butt, the boy experienced his first orgasm in his Daddy's strong arms. Their passionate embrace was interrupted by Bela's mother who, after a successful foaling, returned to the house. As she opened the front door, Tibor leaped out of the bed and rushed to the open window. "I'll be back, Bela," he said and vanished into the night. As Bela's mother entered the bedroom, she was hit by a rank smell of cum. When she came closer to the bed, she saw Bela amid the crumpled bedclothes, stained with fresh semen. At first, she thought that Bela had masturbated, but then she noticed a steady stream of cum trickling out of Bela's smooth butt and the delirious expression on his face. The innocent Bela could not conceal the truth from his mother and soon told her what happened.

Bela's mother knew her late husband thoroughly and as Bela described his Daddy's intimate parts and the act itself in vivid detail, she as soon convinced that the boy had been molested by her deceased husband. Somehow, the filthy fornicator had cheated everybody and was not dead after all...

The very next morning she went to see the parson and managed to get permission to reopen Tibor's grave. Sandor, the gravedigger, started his work later that afternoon. Sandor was a rugged, brawny man with a powerfully built body and broad shoulders. He was not superstitious by nature, but there was something disquieting in the graveyard that day. He spat into his fists and shrugging his shoulders he started to work. The deeper he dug, the heavier was the sod and despite his unusual strength, Sandor had to take several breaks and peel off his shirt.


JULIUS -98

It was as if something was trying to prevent him from doing his work. Finally, the sun went down and he had to finish his work by the light of a lantern. When Sandor's shovel hot the coffin and he removed the sod covering its lid, he heard some noise and in the ghastly light of the lantern he saw a strange phantom appear from nowhere. It was a young boy, stark naked, and his smooth and pale body oddly shimmered in the darkness. As he came closer, Sandor saw that he had a prominent hardon and he looked at Sandor's muscular body - his eyes ablaze with lust. Sandor could almost feel the boy's eyes caressing his body and suddenly his own cock turned hard... harder than it had ever been before. The boy smiled and kneeled in the open grave. He put his hands on Sandor's sturdy shoulders and pulled him closer. "Please don't turn away from me, Sandor. I have wanted you for such a long time, but you never seem to notice me at all. I know that your handsome dick is hard now. Let me show you how mcuh I want you by sucking and kissing the subbject of my dreams. It's late now, and nobody is going to see us," the boy whispered with a soft voice. Against Sandor's sweaty body he then glided down into the grave and before Sandor found his tongue, the boy opened his fly and pulled out his throbbing cock. Then it was already too late to do anything. The boy's mouth was so hot and delicious against his strained dick that Sandor wouldn't have allowed him to stop sucking even if he had trioed to do so. Watching his blue veined wonder disappear into the boy's drooling mouth aroused him like nothign before. An intense pleasure filled Sandor's whole body and he leaned back allowing the horny boy to devour his solid cock with his avid mouth. Then other nude boys appeared and started to approach in every direction. Sandor's enjoymewnt was so overwhelming that he couldn't have cared less if the whole congregation had gathered by the grave to witness the sinful act. The new boys joined them and soon Sandor was stripped buck naked and every part of his body was attended by hot mouths and groped with covetous hands. The mouths sucking his cock changed all the time and Sandor had several stunning orgasmas one after another. The hungry mouths knew how to revive his lust and gradually Sandor sank into an ecstaqtic oblivion... spurting cum all the way.

Sandor's body was found in the morning, lying naked in Tibor's coffin. His erection was so solid that they couldn't close the lid.

By now the villagers in Transylvania knew that they evil spirits were among them. They fortified their houses and locked their doors and windows, never going out alone after sunset. In his insatiable thirst for man-juices, Count Dracula had overlooked the ancient laws of the vampires. In his greed, he had totally drained too many men and as a result the mountains and valleys of Transylvania were teenming with new vampires. To survive, they had to regain the vital fluids which had been sucked out of their bodies. In their frantic search for those precious fluids, the inexperienced novices often totally drained their victims, too, thus creating yet anther member to their brotherhood.

Count Dracula soon realized that it was necessary for him to move to beter hunting grounds. He knew that his brother and sister had been sent to England, and he decided to join them. To create a network of "safe houses", Count Dracula contacted Dutton, Wallworth & Dutton, a highly respectable attorney's office in London. Following Count Dracula's written orders, they had found suitable houses and sent their employee, young Steven Atkinson, to meet their mysterious client and to finish the transaction.

JULIUS-96

Steven arrived safely in Transylvania and left for the final part of his journey from a small town called Bistrita. After several hours on the bumpy dirt roads, he arrived in Borgo Pass, where Count Dracula was to meet him.. only there was nobody there. While he waited, Steven watched the barran mountains surrounding him and their dark, almost threatening silhouettes against the blood red sunset. As the dusk became denser, the coachman turned very nervous and Steven had to pay him more not to leave his client alone in the desolate pass. Suddenly, the horses got frightened as they heard the rumbling noise of an approaching coach. Out of the pitch-darkness appeared a black coach dran by four black horses and Steven saw the Count's coat of arms painted on its doors.. the very same that he had seen on Count Dracula's letters.

The ride to the castle was not long, but rather disquieting. There was a dense fog on the mountains and Steven could hear the wolves howling very close by. The coachman drove his horses like a maniac and Steven was sure that they would end up in one of the steep ravines next to the narrow road. Then the fog lifted suddenly and he saw the castle in the moonlight. It was built on a steep slope of the mountain and looked extremely inhospitable and gloomy. Its stone walls were decorated with curiously grimacing faces of ancient monsters, their agonies carved into the stone as if they had been petrified by some horrible sight.

Count Dracula turned out to be a handsome man, very distinguished-looking and suave. After Steven had refreshed himself, dinner was served. The table was set for one and the Count quickly excused himself saying that he had already eaten. He joined Steven, though, but he only drank wine while his young guest ate heartily. The Count kept him company and told him stories about his family and their strange castle. He was dressed in a long cashmere robe with silk collar and cuffs, and Steven tried to figure out whether he was wearing anything under the robe. Count Dracula had strong hands and Steven could see that his arms were hairy. Around his neck he had a silk scarf and the robe was too long to reveal anything but his Moroccan slippers, keeping Steven only guessing..

The substantial dinner and the warmth of the open fire made Steven drowsy and Count Dracula saw him back to his room. On the way, Count Dracula suddenly stopped him and Steven could have sworn that he felt the Count's erect cock against his crotch for a second or two, but he didn't dare look. "There is one thing that you should keep in mind, Mr. Atkinson," Count Dracula said, leaning lightly on him. "Please, don't wander in the castle on your own. It is old and it has been uninhabited for hundreds of years. Some parts of it are in very poor condition, even dangerous. I'll be glad to show you around personally tomorrow night. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask. My butler, Gabor, will be at your service. But now.. it's time for you to go to bed. You must be exhausted after such an arduous journey."

JULIUS-96

As the door closed after him, Steven heard a distinct click as if the door had been locked, but he as too excited to pay any further attention to that. There was no doubt about it anymore. While leaning against him, Count Dracula had discreetly but undeniably felt up Steven's crotch and as a result, he now had a throbbing hardon. Withouth having actually seen it, Steven was fully convinced that the Count had also stroked his erect cock against Steven's groin.

Just the thought of it was enough to make the blood rush in he veins faster and his body ached to be touched. Steven stripped off his clothes and stretched out on the big four-poster bed. There wsa a blazing fire in the fireplace and he enjoyed the warmth. He looked at the flames and their reflections on his nude body and on his jutting hardon. He must have dozed off, but woke up later in the night as the door was opened and the Count, stark naked and carrying a candleabra in his hand, walked in. Steven's eyes widened as he looked at the beauty of the Count's nude body. It was difficult to determine his age, but whatever it was, the Count was handsomely endowed. He put the candleabra on a table and turned to look at his prey. There was something hypnotic in his eyes, and Steven felt almost unbearable excitement as the Count devoured his nude body with his burning eyes.

"I hope you don't mind my intrusion, but I just couldn't stay away from you. The moment my dick touched you, I knew that you were meant to be mine. I could sense the want in you. Your whole being yearned to be fucked by me. That totally mesmerized my mind and my cock throbbed to get inside you until I couldn't help it anymore." the Count said climbing to the bed and pulling the nude boy into his muscular arms.

The touch of the Count's naked body and its close musky scent was dizzying. Steven wrapped his arms around him and pulled him even closer. As the Count covered his lips with his hot mouth, Steven felt lust and desire far surpassing anything he had ever expreienced before. They were eating each other's faces ravenously, and Steven became aware of the wild and savage passion humming inside his hunky lover. He could sense a danger, too, but he was unable to do anything to protect himself. A stronger force demanded him to surrender to this primitive lust in the shape of a man, whose natural urge and privilege it was to use Steven's body for his own pleasure.

As the Count shoved his tongue deep into Steven's mouth, the horny boy sucked and licked it the way he would have wanted to suck and lick the massive cock that the Count had buried between Steven's smooth thighs. Their mutual hunger became so overpowering that the Count soon pushed Steven's legs apart and spread them wide open. Steven felt the wet tip of the Count's hot cock against his pucker and then as the white-hot poker was driven inside him, Steven was hit by a fierce pain as the instrument of his torture was forcefully thrust deep inside him. The shooting pain took his breath away and yet his body craved for more until, moaning loud out of sheer agony, he got it all. The Count had forced his massive cock into Steven's butt to the hilt and the desperate boy, turning his head from side to side, did his best to adjust to that stubborn intruder.

JULIUS-96

Slowly the Count started to fuck him. He let Steven's tight sphincter caress every inch of his sturdy cock and then slammed it back with fierce forcefulness. The boy wriggled under him in fright of his terrifying weapon, Steven's eyes were closed and his whole body was shaking out of the Count's energetic thrusts. Gradually, the pain eased and it was replaced with a craving lust, an urge to keep as much of that beefy man-meat inside him as possible. While he swayed in his lover's lusty embrace, Steven saw strange images and heard curious noises. The Count suddenly seemed to transform into a huge gray wolf, its fearsome fangs glistening right in front of him and its big slobbering tongue hanging out of its open jaws. Steven buried his fingers in its thick fur and the growling beast fucked him even more furiously. In the dusk around him, Steven suddenly saw faint figures of rugged men in strange clothes. They looked like some kind of ancient warriors and he could hear their whispers although he could not understand what they said. As the beast further increased the pace of its fucking, the whispering voices turned into a howling crescendo and Steven reached a thunderous climax. As his first orgasm exploded inside him, Steven opened his eyes and realized that instead of the hairy beast, he was embracing Count Dracula and the faint figures of the ancient warriors turned out to be the reflections of the flames on the wall. The Count pressed Steven in his arms as if wanting to crush his bones and his tireless cock rammed Steven's butt until the gates of paradise were opened to him, too. The ecstatic relief was so powerful that Steven lost consciousness as the Count's scalding cum cascaded into his inflamed chute. When Steven woke up in the morning, he was not sure what had happened during the night. Surely he could not have been fucked by a wolf, but was his amorous encounter with the Count some kind of hallucination or an erotic dream? His butt was sore, and as Steven touched himself he felt some rank smelling cum on his fingers. What was stranger still, there were long gray pieces of hair stuck to the palm of his hand. Looking in the mirror, Steven saw crimson streaks on his body, like scratch marks of claws. What had actually happened last night? Steven had a lot of questions.. but no answers. When Gabor brought Steven's breakfast, he mentioned that Count Dracula had left the castle, but was going to meet his guest again at dinner. In the meantime, Gabor would be happy if he could be of service. Steven should not hesitate to call him at any time. Although Steven had some letters to write, he was finished with them before noon and the day ahead of him seemed endless. Steven had only seen the castle in the dark and he sneaked out of his room to take a look at the surroundings. He came to a spiral staircase leading to three big halls in succession. On the dark walls he saw big tarnished paintings of fierce-looking man, probably the Count's ancestors. The furniture was sparse and covered in dust as if nobody had been in these rooms for centuries. Suddenly Steven heard some noise, and as he turned around he saw one of the men he had seen last night in his dream. The man came closer, fondling his bulging crotch. "I saw Vlad fuck you, my boy," he said with a strange accent. "In my time I was considered the best ass man in Transylvania. Wit' my insatiable cock I busted more cherries, skewered more butts, and impaled more hungry mouths than anyone else. I have had more than my fair share of fun, yet I have to have you. When I saw your smooth butt shivering as Vlad plunged his cock inside you, I got an erection that has not left me yet. Come here, boy. Let me make your eyes roll out of ecstacy when I impale you with my cock. There's many a good tune played on this old horn," he said fondling his erect cock unabashedly. He then grabbed Steven in his arms and kissed his neck and shoulders as he peeled off Steven's clothes with strong and decisive hands. His hot lips burned Steven's skin and his wet tongue licked his bare body lustfully. His big hands made the boy feel weak in his powerful embrace. Then Steven realized that two other men had joined them, and his bare body was fondled in every direction. Through some kind of haze he heard their whispers while their lusty hands and hot mouths made Steven hornier and hornier. "He's a beauty," said one. "This tight butt was created to be fucked. Can you see how it sucks in my finger?" said the other. "We shall all have you , boy. Istvan and Arpad are my men, my bodyguards and comrades in arms. As I conquered towns

JULIUS-96

Istvan and Arpad have always had the priviledge to use the holes I had busted for their own entertainment later. There is no reason to change that now. Getting fucked by Ferencz Nadasdyn and his men is an honor you should be proud of, boy," he said, tweaking Steven's nipples hard. With eaer hands, Istvan opened Steven's crevice and Arpad guided his master's swollen cock to the boy's pucker. Aided by strong Istvan, Steven slid down on Ferencz's sturdy erection and the old warrior pounded his sturdy cock up into him. Istvan lifted Steven's smooth legs onto his broad shoulders and devoured Steven's jutting dick in his hot mouth while Arpad teased the boy's erect nipples by sucking, biting and tweaking them mercilessly.

Luckily I happened to be around, otherwise you might be dead by now." The Count's remark deeply disturbed Steven, but he had other things to worry about as he realized he was still buck naked. Blushing out of embarrassment he picked up his clothes and put them on quickly. As the Count led him out, Steven noticed a big painting on the wall which looked exactly like Ferencz. On the gilded frame there was a small brass plate with a text: "Ferencz Nadasdyn, 1558-1604." Puzzled Steven turned to look at Count Dracula. "Yes, that's the bastard," he said and walked out before Steven had a chance to ask anything. As Steven followed him, he saw that the Count had simply vanished into thin air. Steven climbed up the stairs and found Gabor waiting for him. "The dinner will be served at the usual time, Sir. Is there anything you want me to do for you before that, Sir? " Gabor asked as he opened the door for Steven. Saying that he did not need anything, Steven walked in and as Gabor closed the door behind him, there was a distinct click of the lock again. Steven tried to open the door and realized that he had been locked in. Was he a prisoner in this strange castle? Steven stretched out on his bed and his mind was working with all the odd things he had seen and experienced since he had arrived in Transylvania.

Gabo woke him up later saying dinner was going to be served. As Steven entered the dining-room, the Count was there waiting for him. Claiming that he had eaten too much for lunch, he refrained from food, but joined his guest with a bottle of wine. During the dinner there was silence at the table, only interrupted by occasional clink of the plates as Gabor served the dishes. When the port-wine was served at the end of dinner, Count Dracula finally opened his mouth and said, "I guess I owe you some kind of explanation. Let's take the wine and sit by the fire, this might take some time."

It sure was a remarkable story. Count's fore-fathers, the Huns, arrived in Europe as the Roman Empire collapsed. They invaded Dacia, Moesia and Thracia, an area known today as Romania, Bulgaria and Hungary. These fierce warriors soaked the land with blood and ever since it has been an epicentrum of the evil spirits from Hell, of which the family of Drakul was only one. They were excellent horsemen who only ate raw meat, tenderized under their bare asses, as they rode from one battle to another. When they settled down in this new country, some families abandoned their old customs and turned their backs to the gods of their ancestors, some kept their old cult and traditions alive through the centuries. Among the latter were the Drakuls, who punished their traitors by robbing the essence of their manhood, which according to their belief was in their body fluids. During the centuries the traitors were stayed, but the thirst remained. Drakuls satisfied their lust by draining the vital juices of their enemies, turning themselves slowly into vampires who could not survive without these precious fluids.

JULIUS-06

Count Dracula then told about his childhood, how his Grandpa had fed him with his semen,and how his jealous mother had misunderstood the scene completely and sent her son out of the country. The grandfather joined him later and initiated his grandson to the cult. The future Count Dracula learned that although these body fluids were vital for his health, he should never drain his victims completely since they would thus be turned into vampires too. To invigorate his ailing victims he was to fuck them. A shot of his own vital juices would keep them alive and ready to be used again later.
When the Draculas returned to their native land, the Count and his relatives had ignored this rule. In their insatiable thirst they had drained too many peasants, who then had drained some and as a result the vampires were now rampant all over Transylvania forcing the Count and his relatives to move elsewhere. For that purpose safe houses were needed, houses that Steven had helped them acquire. "I only told you this because you are going to help us further," the Count said. "Some of my relatives like Ferencz whom you met, are getting restless. Unless we soon get them out of the country we are in deep trouble."

Steven was shocked by the story. He had heard rumors about the vampires, but had never taken them seriously. "What makes you think that I will help you with this hideous plan?" steven asked. "First of all, you don't have another choice if you want to stay alive. Secondly, you have a kid brother, Martin, whom you love dearly. You would not want him turned into a vampire, would you? I have visited your house in Kensington and let me assure you that the tiny mole on his left buttock is most arousing and many of my men would do anything to get between his thighs," the Count said with a faint smile on his face.

That Steven had a kid brother called Martin and that he lived in Kensington was information the Count could have acquired from many sources, but as he mentioned the mole on Martin's buttock, Steven became convinced the threat was real. The Count obviously had access to Martin and had actually seen him naked. "Well I'm glad you came to your senses," the Count said. "It's time to go to bed, we shall seal our agreement there. As a sign of my appreciation, I shall fuck you like you have never been fucked before," the Count said rising from his chair and leading Steven to his bedroom.
It all happened like in a dream. The Count grabbed Steven into his strong arms and gave him a long and passionate kiss as he dropped his robe. He then fondled Steven's body and peeled off his clothes while his hot lips found the boy's erect nipples. Alternating intense sucking and gentle biting with hot licking and gentle tweaking, he turned them so sensitive that Steven sighed as the Count touched them with his hot mouth. He then moved further down sucking and licking Steven's crotch, but neglected his protruding cock. His stubbly chin rubbed Steven's bare groin and scratched the sensitive skin of his inner thighs, turning his erect cock even harder.

When he then engulfed Steven's inflamed dick into his hot mouth, the pleasure was so intense that Steven had to hold his breath. The pulse of Steven's throbbing cock was stronger than his heartbeat and it felt as if all his vital organs were concentrated on that organ alone. Count's suction intensified all the time, but although he was aware of the deadliness of the power he was facing, there was nothing he could do to resist it. Bolt after bolt of his juices burst into Count Dracula's mouth and Steven felt dizzier and dizzier, until he was swooned into a blissful stupor. He felt like floating in a river and approaching vast roaring falls. A voice inside him tried to warn him, but the rushing of the water completely covered it. When Steven later came back to his senses he was covered by dark quiet waters and could sense sunshine somewhere high above him.

JULIUS-96

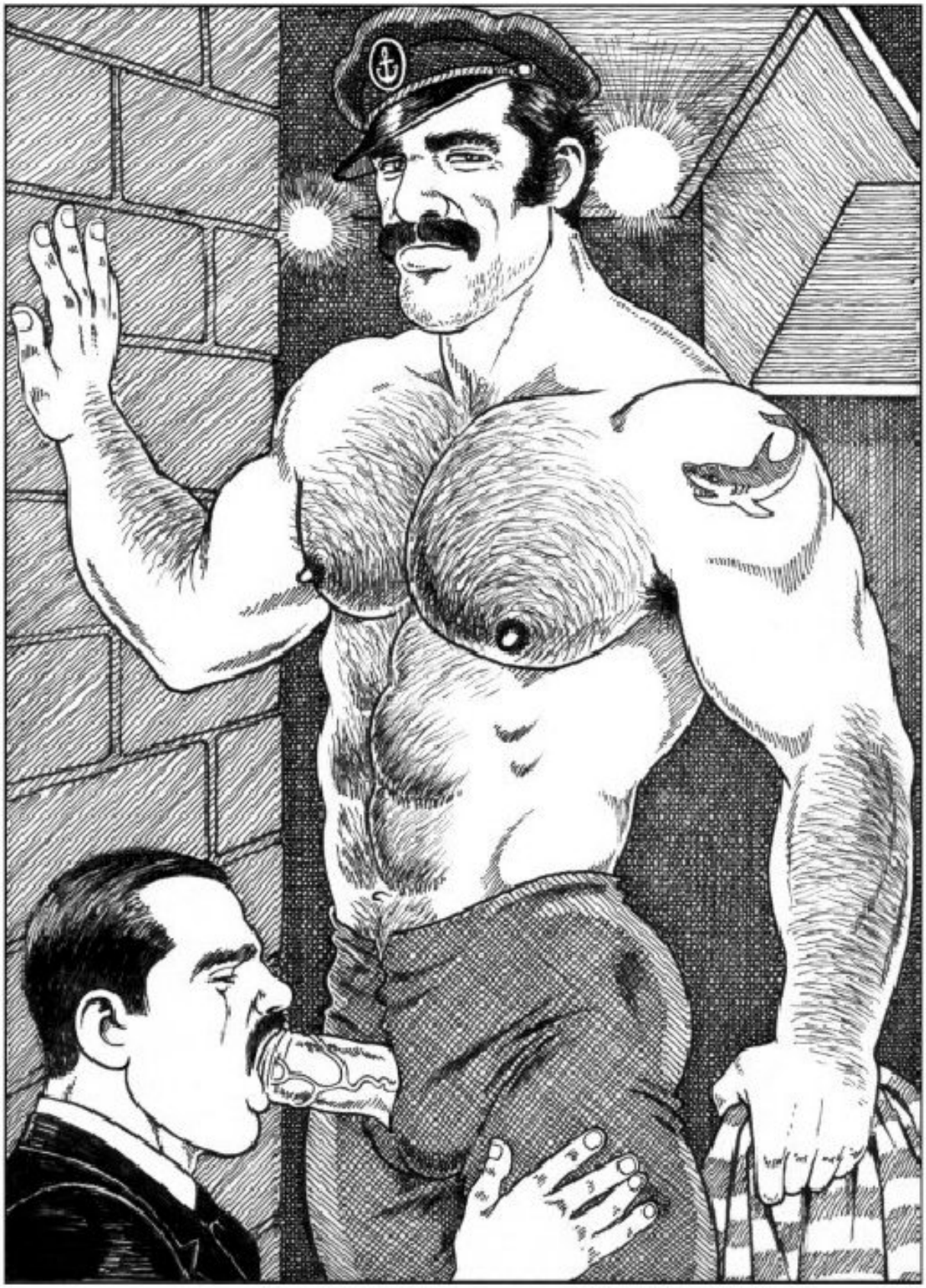
There was a stream of life inside him which little by little gained momentum until vigorous stream rapidly lifted him out of the abyss and he came to the surface gasping for air. The powerful stream inside him turned out to be Count Dracula's cock which gushed cum rapturously, embedded deep inside Steven's pliant butt. Each burst of that precious juice further invigorated the heaving boy and he wrapped his arms around the spasming man to absorb every drop of it. As a plant in the desert after a sudden rain, Steven felt like surging with vigorous vitality. The immobile man in his arms was barely breathing and Steven realized what had happened. On account of his own health, Count Dracula had secured Steven's survival by loading him with his own juices. Moved by the Count's generosity, Steven kissed his dry lips and the man stirred lightly. Turning him on his back and sitting astraddle on his chest, Steven put his jutting dick on the Count's lips and shoved it into his mouth. Slowly and insecurely the man started to suck Steven's cock and for no apparent reason Steven felt enormous tenderness and love towards the monster who ate his crotch with fast growing avidity.

When Steven woke up in the morning, Count Dracula had left, but the scent of his body still lingered, Blushing, Steven remembered what had occurred in this very bed just a few hours ago and he buried his burning face into the pillow. The heady fragrance of the Count's nakedness was even stronger in the pillow and Steven inhaled it avidly. What had happened to him? Had he fallen in love with a monster? Once again there were more questions than answers.

Suddenly the castle was full of activity. Locked in his room Steven listened to fast footsteps and muffled calls echoing from downstairs and as he looked out of the window, he saw Gabor instructing a group of gypsies who carried long wooden boxes out of the castle. The boxes were apparently heavy since six men were required to carry one. They lifted eight boxes on the carriages and the drove out of the gate which was closed behind them. Steven followed them with his eyes until the carriages disappeared out of sight.

Later that day, Captain Jenkins watched as eight large wooden boxes were loaded into the hold of his ship, the Cerberus. Within an hour he was due to set sail for London, but Captain Jenkins took no risks and took care personally that the boxes were properly loaded.

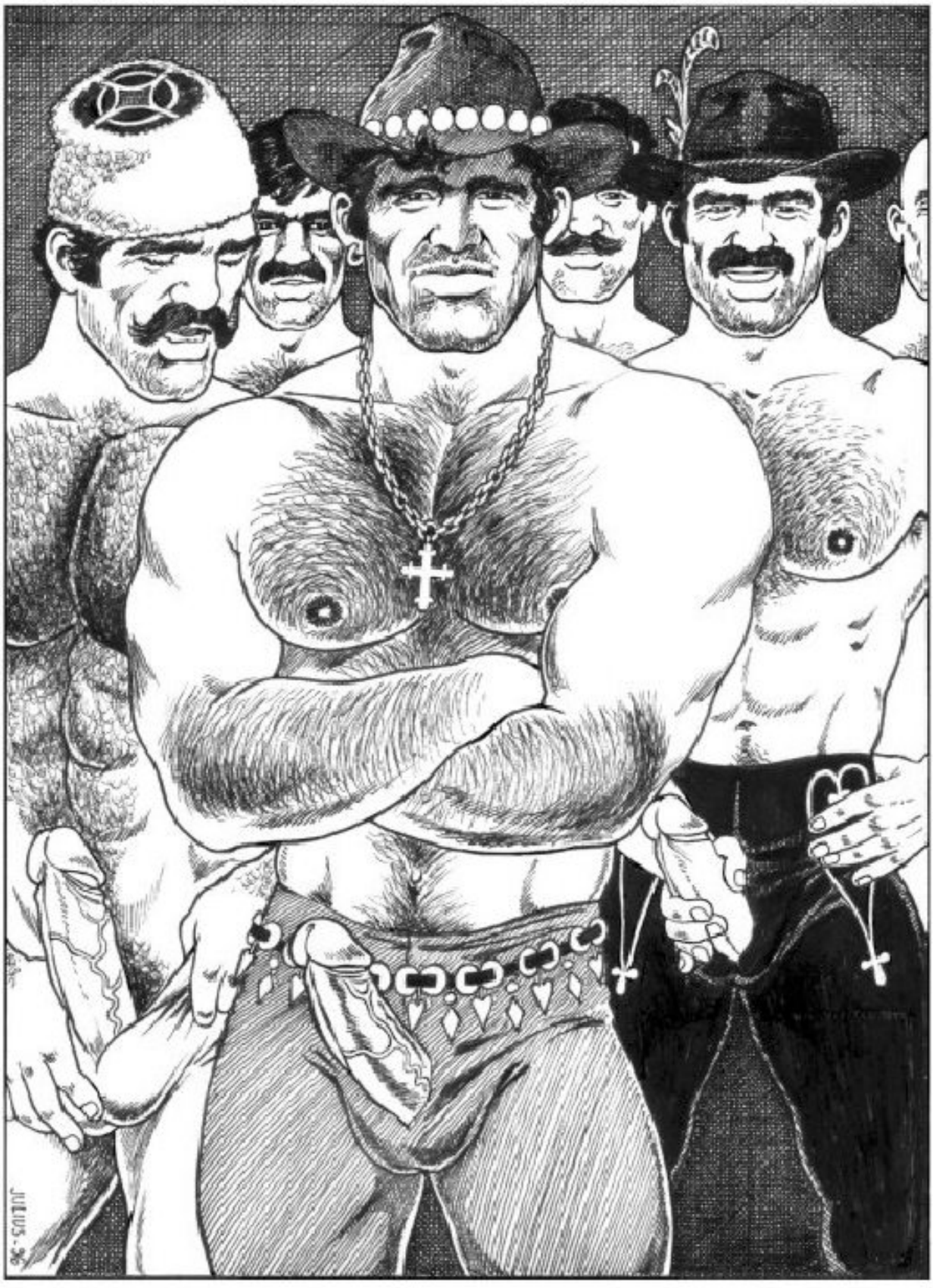
A few nights ago Captain Jenkins and his crew had celebrated in one of the seedy taverns on the waterfront, when an attractive stranger approached him. He was tall, dark and good-looking. After a few rounds he persuaded Captain Jenkins to add a few boxes to the cargo and paid handsomely for his trouble. Studly Jenkins was a seasoned mariner with rugged good looks and an imposing body. The stranger's eyes caressed his muscles in a most obvious manner and as Captain Jenkins slipped his big hand into the stranger's crotch, he felt a prominent hardon " Let's go," he said and walked out into the night followed by the horny stranger. He walked around the corner and in the deep shadows of a narrow lane, he pulled out his throbbing cock, heavily loaded with churning cum. "Let's see what you can do with this, pal," he said and jerked his strong buttocks lightly making his heavy cock bounce and sway most arousingly. Without hesitation the dark stranger knelt in front of Jenkins and engulfed the bloated knob of his solid cock into his drooling mouth. It was apparent right from the start that the mysterious stranger was an expert cocksucker. In the course of many years spent on the seven seas, Captain's cock had been sucked by numerous lovers from all over the world, but never as skillfully as now. Within a few minutes it was all over and buttoning his fly, Captain Jenkins promised to take the additional cargo. In fact, he would have promised anything in his present state of mind.



Captain Jenkins had hoped that the dark stranger would appear to sign the documents in person, but instead some kind of agent took care of the formalities. Jenkins tried to pry on his client, but to his dismay the agent knew nothing about his principal, except his name, Count Dracula. Jenkins had looked for an encore with this mysterious Count. Although he had drained the Captain's cock most effectively, he had also left a burning desire in his loins which kept his cock hard and unmanageable like never before.

In the dusk the Cerberus sailed out into the open sea. The weather was fine and after giving his instructions, Captain Jenkins left the ship in the hands of the first mate and retired to his cabin. He stripped off his clothes and stretched out on his bunk stroking his throbbing erection. Slowly he realized that he was not alone. The mysterious Count appeared buck naked out of nowhere and sat down on the edge of the bed. With his cool hand he stroked the Captain's turgid cock and fondled his aching balls. All the questions the Captain wanted to ask somehow stuck in his throat as vibrations of immense pleasure radiated through his body. "Shall I suck your cock again, Captain?" the Count asked with a leer. Unable to say anything, Jenkins spread his brawny legs wide apart and slightly lifted his furry crotch rocking the towering proof of his manhood. As the Count engulfed the Captain's cock into his mouth, Jenkins fondled his strong neck and buried his fingers into his thick hair pulling the Count's face closer to his crotch. The violently throbbing hunk of hard manmeat was embedded deep into the Count's wet mouth and sliding his hot lips up and down the imposing length of his solid shaft, he forced Jenkins to hiss through his teeth out of sheer ecstasy.

t the same time an able-bodied seaman, Morrison, was on the quarter-deck on sentry. The sea had turned foggy and he was leaning against the railing when he felt a hand squeezing his buttock. The ship's rugged bosun, his ardent lover, had obviously turned impatient again and without even turning his head, Morrison pulled down his calico pants and exposed his beautifully curved ass. Clenching the railing with his hands, Morrison felt a familiar blunt object touch his pucker as it was shoved inside him with a vigorous thrust. It felt unusually big and hard and Morrison's knuckles turned white as he squeezed the railing while the rampant cock forced it's way deep inside him. His own cock had turned hard instantly and he felt a big hand fondling his throbbing tool, only the hand caressing him was not the hand of the bosun. As he turned his head a stubbly chin of a total stranger scratched his cheek. "Don't panic mate. This is what you wanted, isn't it?" the stranger asked with a gruff voice and wrapped his hairy arms around Morrison's shivering body. Holding him in a tight hug the stranger started to pound his ass with a vengeance, slipping his massive cock out and slamming it back in lusty abandon. Gasping and heaving in his powerful embrace, Morrison realized that although he had been fucked against the same railing innumerable times, it was never quite like this. The bosun was a notorious cocksman, but not even he could have brought Morrison to such ecstasy with his bare cock alone. The big turgid tool inside him grazed and inflamed Morrison's prostate until he was jerking and trembling in the hands of his unknown lover as shattering orgasms tore through his spasming body. Arching his back the stranger pressed his hairy belly against Morrison's bare back and blasted his scalding load into the hot chute. Morrison had no time to recover when the man turned him around and made him lean back on the railing. To his amazement he saw a husky mature man buck naked except for some odd-looking jewelry and sandals. He was dark and his muscular body was covered with thick crinkly hair, but it was his cum stained cock that totally mesmerized Morrison. Never had he seen a man so massively endowed. The girth of his turgid cock alone was enough to make a man wince and gasp for air. Kneeling down in front of Morrison the stranger engulfed his cock into his hot mouth and started to suck it the way it had never been sucked before.


JULIUS

Captain Jenkins woke abruptly to a hasty knock on the door. First mate Potter rushed in and looked as if he had seen a ghost. "Morrison is dead, Sir," he said. "He was found totally nude lying on his back on the quarter-deck close to the railing. At first we thought he was just sleeping since he had a strange grin on his face and a towering erection. All his clothes were piled under his ass, just as if he had been fucked on the deck, as usual, but as Simmons started to play with his hardon we realized that he was dead. I think you better come up and see for yourself, Sir. There is something sinister in his death that I can't quite figure out."

Captain Jenkins followed Potter to the deck and saw his men gathered around the body. Morrison lay on the deck just as Potter had described. Jenkins knew why Potter thought there was something sinister in his death. The man was ghastly white as if drained of all his bodily fluids. Knowing that the seamen were a superstitious lot, Jenkins ordered the corpse to be wrapped in a tarpaulin and after a short ceremony poor Morrison was thrown overboard.

The worsening weather kept the men busy. Captain Jenkins had no time to muse on the previous night either, but whenever it came to his mind, his big cock reacted violently and turned hard instantly. It was awesome how strongly the Count had affected him. Never had he experienced such a vivid wet dream like last night. it all had felt so real that he could still taste the Count's cock in his mouth and smell the heady aroma of his cum.

Sometime during the night Steven woke up to a rumble on the courtyard. As he peeked out, he saw that the gypsies had returned. With noisy calls they un-harnessed the horses and Steven heard their drunken merriment as they came inside the castle. Steven had not seen the Count and Gabor had not given any explanation for his absence either. So, when the door was opened, Steven half-expected to see the Count, but instead a group of drunken gypsies burst in. For awhile there was a stunned silence as the lusty men devoured Steven's nudity with their blazing eyes. After a heated debate their leader lifted his hand and silenced his men. "Well, well, well," he said. "Look what we have here. The Count promised that we shall find something that we like in this room and he sure was not exaggerating. He also said that this boy enjoys mature cock shoved between his buns more than anything else," he said and opened his fly.

Out bounced a semi-hard cock expanding quickly to it's full glory right in front of Steven's eyes. "Is this mature enough for you, boy? My name is Roman and these are my men. Each and everyone of us is going to do his damnest to give you as much cock as you can possibly hope. Together we possess some of the finest cocks in Transylvania, so you are in for a treat, boy," Roman said as Steven looked at the dizzying sight of robust cocks revealed for his inspection.

Roman tugged off his pants and climbed to the bed pulling the protesting boy in his muscular arms. A circle of nude men gathered round the bed to watch as their chief slid his solid cock inside the shivering butt of the foreign boy. The Chief's energetic efforts were met with enthusiasm which spurred the heaving Roman on and straining his every muscle he forced his throbbing cock in to the hilt. Steven was tossing and turning in agony as the fleshy dong was shoved deeper into his guts. He heard the men around the bed grumble in approval as their chief impaled the beautiful boy with his robust rod.

JULIUS -96

Afterwards there was very little that Steven could remember of the incident. The men on top of him changed in a rapid succession and big fat cocks blasted their loads of frothing cum into his cavities. The six gypsies did so many encores that Steven felt as if he had been fucked by an army of sex-starved legionnaires. There started to be intervals between the fierce fucks Steven had to endure as the men became more drunken. Finally, lying in bed with his last lover snoring on top of him, Steven watched the passed out men in their pelts scattered around the room.

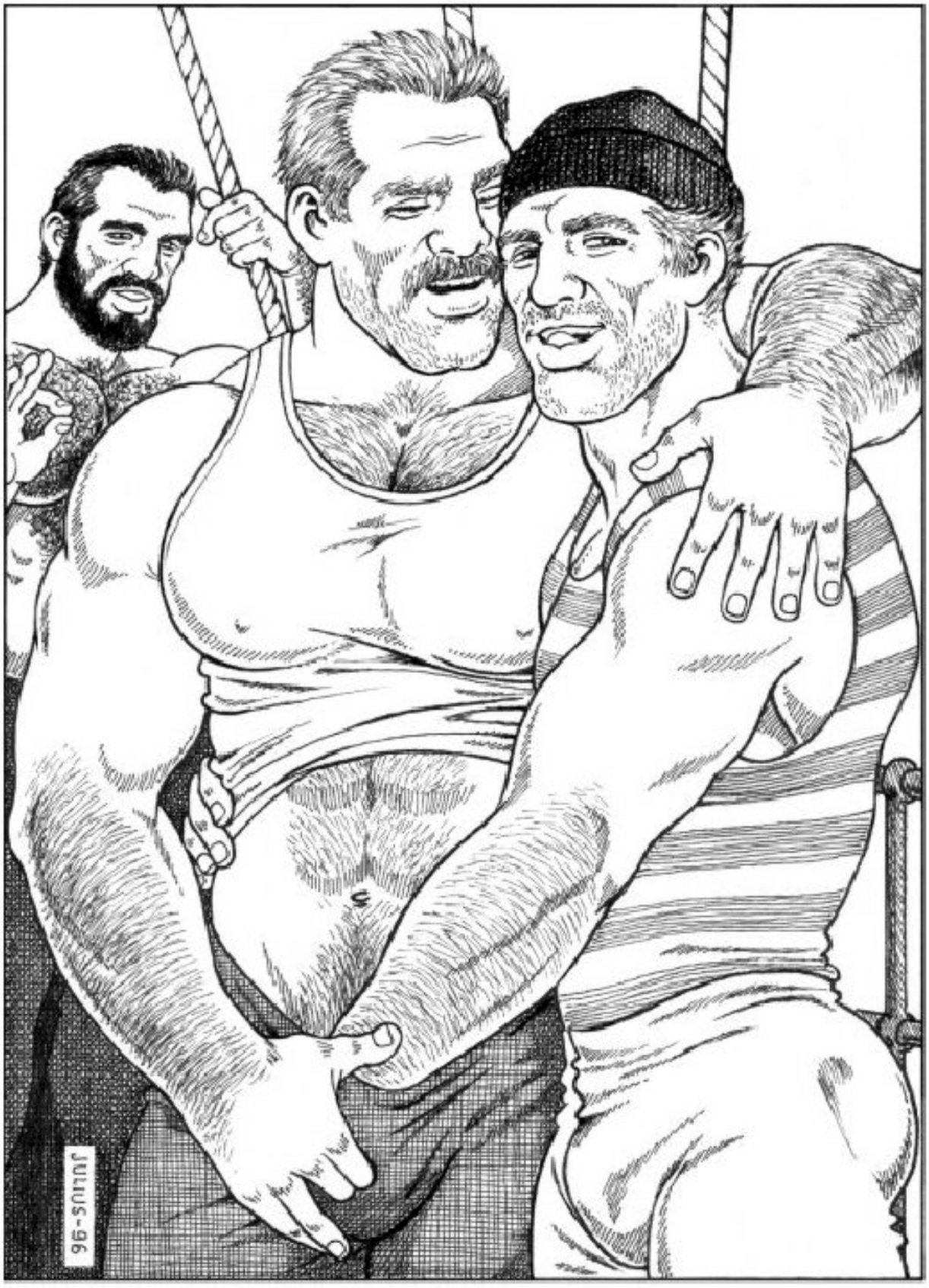
Waking up with a hangover this bunch was going to be so savagely horny that there would be no alternative to escape. His battered butt could not endure another furious attack from these covetous men. Cautiously Steven released himself and then hastily dressed up before sneaking out of the room and locking the door behind him. He hurried downstairs and to his immense relief he noticed that the exterior door was not locked. Rushing to the dark courtyard he noticed the horses and saddled one quickly. The drawbridge made an awful racket but there was no sign of alert in the castle as he galloped through the gate and vanished into the night. It was a ghastly ride through the desolate mountain roads and passes. Obscure male figures approached him in the darkness several times, but without slowing down he pricked his horse on and with the first rays of dawn he arrived in Borgo Pass and turned to the road leading to Bistrita.

Captain Jenkins woke up to Count Dracula's amorous advances. The nude Count was tweaking and biting his protruding nipples and their cocks were throbbing against each other. Suddenly the Count's grunting and groaning sounded more like growling of a huge animal and as the beast engulfed his cock, Captain Jenkins could have sworn that the head between his open thighs was that of a bear or a wolf. It's rough tongue stroked his bloated cock sucking it deeper inside it's slobbering maw and it's yellow eyes gleamed in the darkness crouching his every movement. When Jenkin's buried his fingers into the Count's thick hair, it felt more like the crinkly pelt of an animal than human hair. His enjoyment was so intense, though, that he soon forgot these thoughts.

As Jenkins woke up in the morning he had a lot to think about. At first he noticed the gray hair stuck to his sweaty body during the night. A closer inspection revealed it could not be human hair. His ass hole was as sore as could be expected after all that fucking and his buttocks were stained with dried cum. Could it be that he had not dreamed after all? Amid these alarming thoughts, Potter rushed in and with fear gleaming in his eyes he announced that another man had been found dead that morning.

As he came to the deck, Jenkins saw his men gathered around the corpse looking at the body of their mate in terror. It was Wilson and he lay on the deck in the same state as Morrison. He was naked and his clothes had been neatly piled under his buttocks. His legs were spread wide apart and his prominent cock jut out of his cockbush in an eternal erection. There was a strange grin on his face that made the sight even more morbid.

The men were looking to the Captain waiting for an explanation, but all Jenkins could do was to ask his crew to be on guard and to turn all sentries into pairs. This was an extra burden to the crew, but it could not be helped. There was something unexplainable and dangerous aboard the ship. Captain Jenkins was determined to get to London as quickly as possible.


JULIUS-96

As Steven reached the harbor, he was lucky. There was a ship leaving for London later that day. Having left all his belongings in the castle, he persuaded the Captain to take him aboard, promising to pay his fare by working without pay as a member of the crew.

The ship was Calypso, a British vessel and its Captain, Graham Harrison, was the embodiment of the tough and rugged leatherneck. In his canvas pants and striped t-shirt he lacked all the outer signs of authority, but it was easy to see that he was respected by his men. With amused smile he looked at Steven for a while and then nodded. "OK, you are hired, but I have to warn you. This is a tough job and you can not expect any privileges. First mate Baxter will show you your duties", he said pointing at a very handsome man standing by the railing.

The first couple of days were really hard and after work every muscle and bone in his body ached. He had no energy to participate in any other activities and he fell asleep as soon as he hit his bunk. Little by little he regained his strength and he began to observe his surroundings, His mates were a mixed lot of all nationalities who had only one thing in common: they were tough and strong like trackspikes. Stealing glimpses of their seminude bodies and their virile masculinity aroused the lusty boy. Unashamedly and openly they fondled each other intimately amidst their duties and an exceptionally indecent gesture provoked general laughter and merriment among the crew. Steven kept his eye on the first mate especially. His bulging muscles glistening in the sun led Steven to devour Baxter's tanned body with his eyes.

A sudden storm broke out and every man was required to reel in the sails. The sea was huge and they laid a-hull in the dark and windy weather fighting to get the sails down before they were torn to pieces. Amidst the fight, Steven was hit by a loose yardarm and lost consciousness. Captain Harrison saw him and rushed to save the boy before the waves washing the deck could pull him overboard. Grabbing the limp boy in his arms he took him to his cabin and put him into his bed. He undressed the boy and inspected his wounds noticing that he only had minor cuts and bruises on his head. The Captain sent the ship's surgeon to tend Steven's wounds and warned him to keep the boy in bed for the sake of safety. Toward midnight the storm passed and though the gales were still moderate, the Calypso had been emptied of seawater and floated securely again.

In the meantime Steven had regained consciousness and apart from a throbbing headache, he felt fine. The ship's surgeon did not allow him to get out of the bed lest he might have had a concussion when the yardarm hit him. Steven had some hot broth and in the cosy warmth of the Captain's bed he soon dozed off. He woke up abruptly when the exhausted Captain stumbled in hours later and began to peel off his wet clothes. "Stay where you are, boy", the Captain said as Steven intended to get out of the bed "The damned thing is big enough for two of us". Surprised, Steven watched as Captain Harrison undressed and revealed his handsomely built body. The Captain looked a bit stocky when dressed, due to his broad shoulders, massive pecs and solid biceps, but when he undressed it became apparent that it was all beautifully proportioned. He was the living image of male virility and in the pale light of the lantern, Steven studied the Captain's body trying to hide his obvious interest. His greedy eyes devoured all the exciting details from the big protruding nipples to the beautifully curved buttocks. from the broad muscular back to the big loose balls. The girth of his flaccid cock was enough to send shivers down Steven's spine and the bulbous knob, the size of an apple, thrilled him. As the Captain dried his head with a towel, Steven looked at the swirling hair covering the man's body. "Seen enough?" the Captain asked abruptly and Steven blushed violently as he realized that Captain had noticed his interest.

JULIUS-96

He then blew out the lantern and slipped into bed. His body felt cold as ice and he was shivering all over. "Come closer, boy, and warm me up", he said as he pulled Steven in his arms and pressed his cold face against Steven's neck. The Captain's cold hands fondled the small of Steven's back and then clutched his buns in either hand and pressed his fully erect cock against Steven's jutting dick forcefully grinding them together.

"I'm going to fuck you, boy. If you have something against it, you better say it now or forever remain silent", the Captain murmured as he sucked and kissed Steven's neck. As an answer, Steven wrapped his arms around Captain's neck and buried his face into his damp hair. The Captain turned the boy on his back and opened his legs wide. Before mounting him property, he put a pillow under Steven's butt and pressed the blunt head of his inflamed cock against the boy's exposed pucker. As he shoved his tongue deep into Steven's mouth, he also slipped his throbbing cock inside the shivering boy. By ardently sucking and licking the Captain's tongue, Steven tried to ease his excitement caused by the other intruder, the Captain's massive cock which steadfastly penetrated him inch by inch. The vigorous cock that only a few moments ago had felt cold as ice, was now like a red-hot poker burning his insides. The immense girth of the Captain's cock stretched Steven's pucker to its limits and a sigh of relief escaped the heaving boy as he felt the Captain's cockbush brushing his balls. His lover was fully in. When the Captain started to fuck him, Steven buried his nails into the Captain's muscular back sticking to the man who now had full command over his trembling body. The Captain's thick cock teased and grazed Steven's inflamed prostate as it poked his innards with an ever increasing pace and the tormented boy soon shot his load against the Captain's furry belly. Spasming and convulsing in a shattering orgasm, Steven merely added to the Captain's lust and with a ferocious intensity he fucked the ecstatic boy until he lost control and blasted a heavy load of scalding cum into Steven's tight tunnel and then collapsed on top of the delirious boy.

"I'm happy I took you onboard instead of that strange Count", the Captain said when he was able to speak again. "What Count?" Steven asked curiously. "Well. an odd-looking fellow claiming to be a Count wanted me to take him along with several wooden boxes to London. The guy was very secretive about the contents of the boxes and I refused, but Captain Jenkins took him aboard the Cerberus and they sailed out the following night", the Captain said. Assured that the Count could not have been none other than Count Dracula, Steven told everything about his strange adventure to Captain Harrison. The Captain listened intently, asking a few questions every now and then. He seemed to take the odd story seriously. "You can consider yourself very lucky", he said as Steven finished his story. "Had you not escaped you would have disappeared with the gypsies and none would have ever found you. I am convinced that the mysterious stranger was Dracula and that your brother is in real danger. Those boxes most likely contain Transylvanian soil in which his relatives are buried. Once in London the boxes will be delivered to the safe houses. These will provide convenient shelters for the vampires. Although the Calypso is faster than the Cerberus, we have been delayed by the storm and we have little hope to reach them before they get into the harbor. On the other hand, they don't know anything about us and since you know the locations of the safe houses, we will still be able to destroy them", the Captain said.

Relieved Steven wrapped his arms around the Captain, feeling safe and secure in his strong arms. It soon led into another passionate fucking and the rest of the night they spent alternately by making plans and by making love until they fell asleep just before dawn. Steven woke up at noon and listened to the creaking of the blocks and cordage of the ship. The Captain had already left and as he stepped on the deck, Steven saw him giving instructions to his crew.

JULIUS-96

Turning around the Captain saw an embarrassed Steven, and with an approving glimpse in his gray eyes he asked the boy to go back to his duties. Steven saw that the Calypso was in full sail, the bow ploughing the water as she rushed after the Cerberus.

The rest of the voyage was a nightmare to her crew. Of the 38 men only 12 were alive when they passed the white cliffs of Dover. In spite of all efforts several men had vanished without a trace each night, leaving the Cerberus severely undermanned. When she finally reached her destination and started to unload her cargo the sense of relief among the remaining crew was enormous. They considered the Cerberus doomed, under some kind of curse, and they could not get ashore fast enough. There were carriages on the pier waiting for the big boxes, but Captain Jenkins saw not a trace of the mysterious Count. His wet dreams had stopped abruptly after Wilson's death and then he had been too busy to even think about the odd stranger. But as he watched the carriages leave hurriedly, he wondered whether he would see the Count ever again.

Steven had never been so happy and content as during that day. Just a glimpse of Captain Harrison filled him with pride. To think that a rugged mature man like Captain Harrison considered him desirable enough to fuck him all night, made him totally delirious. But as the evening approached and the Captain had not as much as looked at him all day, Steven lost his confidence and felt betrayed and unhappy. He thought the Captain had just used his butt for convenience and that was all. At sunset Steven's shift ended and he was on his way to the mess-hall when he heard the Captain's low voice behind him. "Where do you think you are going? You better move your ass to my cabin fast. I never share my lover with anybody. By the way, my name is Graham", he said and the astounded Steven looked at him speechless. He then wrapped his arm around Steven's shoulder and led the ecstatic boy into his cabin.

After that Steven spent his nights in Graham's bed and there was no uncertainty as to whom he belonged. Now that this was settled, the crew returned to its routine and to his astonishment Steven began to see them engaged in intimate encounters with one another all over the ship. It looked as if they had only waited to see into whose bed the new boy was going to end before they went on with their amorous activities. Seeing these rugged seamen fucking and sucking each other aroused Steven enormously, but it never crossed his mind to have sex with anybody other than Graham. The innocent boy had been totally swept off his feet by his husky lover.

When they arrived in the harbor they saw the Cerberus by the wharf. Leaving the rest of the crew to take care of the cargo, Graham and Steven rushed to find out what had happened to the boxes. They met Captain Jenkins aboard the ship and he told them everything they needed to know. Graham told him about his suspicions and soon the horrors of the voyage were revealed to them in all their ghastliness. Assured that the mysterious Count was a vampire and the source of all his troubles, Captain Jenkins promised them his unconditional help and support in hunting down these monsters. While the Captains started to draw up their plans, Steven hurried home accompanied by the gorgeous Baxter.

Martin had been playing ball in the park with his friend, Eric, when they met the stranger for the first time. He stood under a tree and watched them play. Just by chance Eric kicked the ball right into the stranger's feet and he joined in. The weather was warm and one by one they peeled off their clothes until they were playing in their shorts. In the tumult of the game Martin slipped and fell on his face straining his ankle. The handsome stranger hurried to help him and lifted the helpless boy into his muscular arms.

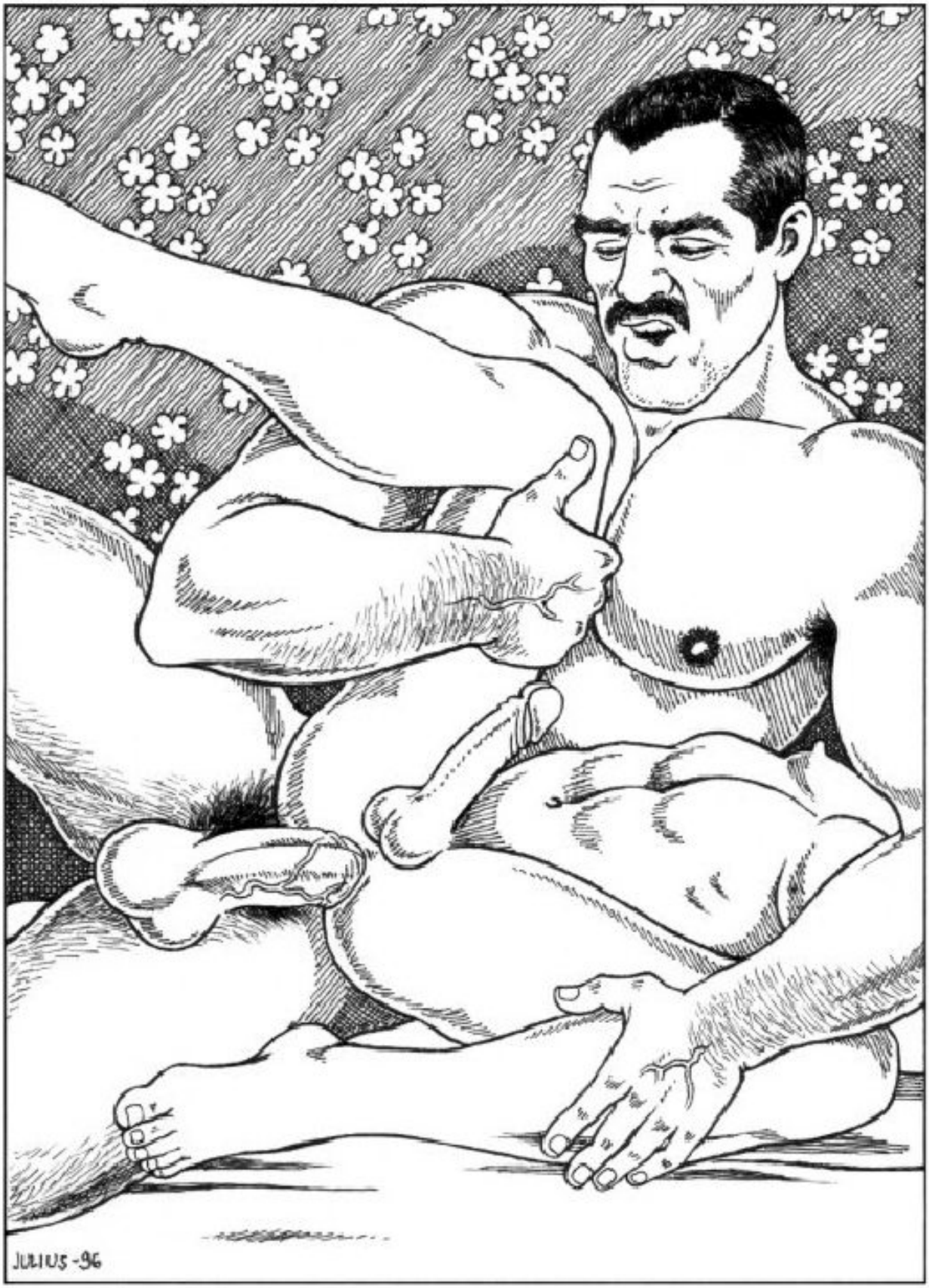
JULIUS - 96

Despite his pain, Martin was sensitive to the touch of the man's bare body against his own and the musky scent of his skin. Martin had never been this close to a mature man and to his embarrassment his dick turned hard instantly. The hunky stranger carried him to a bench and then attended to his ankle. With secure movements he stretched and massaged it until the pain eased and then his cool hands moved further up, fondling Martin's bare leg until his fingers accidentally brushed the boy's balls. It felt very arousing, but then Eric joined them and the magic of the moment vanished.

Martin had seen something hot and inviting in the eyes of the stranger and that left a lasting impression in his mind. As they returned to the park the following day, the stranger was waiting for them. It seemed natural that he join them and they played ball again. Martin watched the prominent bulge in the stranger's crotch, clearly visible through the flimsy fabric of his shorts and felt a strange pressure in his groin. The ball was kicked into the bushes and they all ran after it. Eric wanted to piss and yanked his shorts down. Martin wanted to ease the pressure and joined him, but as the stranger stepped beside him and pulled out his big fat cock, all awestruck Martin could do was to stare at the girth and length of his tool. When he had emptied his bladder the stranger winked at the boys and said, "Shall we have a little fun, boys? There is a lot one can do with this thing to amuse oneself. Want to see?" The excited boys nodded their heads eagerly and the stranger fisted his swarthy cock a few times and to their amazement the boys saw it expand rapidly in front of their eyes as a plump purple knob pushed through the folds of the foreskin. The blood-filled veins rose above the surface of the robust shaft and soon the awesome weapon stood up against the stranger's hairy belly. With a mischievous twinkle in his eyes he pulled the heavy cock down a few times allowing it to bounce back up and out again. "Do you want to touch it, boys?" he asked pushing his crotch forward.

The boys could not resist the temptation and they both took the throbbing cock into their hands impressed by its size and hardness. "Now, watch this", the stranger said as he grabbed the twitching cock in his fist and started to jerk off. After a while he he started to suck air through his clenched teeth and with a deep-chested groan he forced out a silvery-white jet and the thick cream flew far into the bushes. Eric had followed the stranger's instructions and with a muffled cry he shot his load too. They both turned to look at Martin, but he was too embarrassed to masturbate in front of them and just stood there looking intently to the ground. "Maybe you need a little help", the stranger said and before Martin had time to back off, he kneeled in front of him and took Martin's jutting dick into his hot mouth. Martin buried his fingers into the man's thick hair intending to push his face away from his crotch, but his mouth felt so wonderful that Martin's efforts were merely half-hearted. With his smooth lips the stranger pushed Martin's pliable foreskin back and revealed the bloated knob of his dick which he then licked with his slippery tongue. Martin closed his eyes as the man began to eat his crotch and his stubbly chin rubbed his inflamed groin. Swooning in ecstatic bliss the boy swayed lightly as the man sucked his pulsating dick until he could not resist anymore and shot his load into the man's mouth.

When Martin opened his eyes, he saw the stranger look at him intently and then open his mouth. On his tongue Martin saw a white blob of his own cum which the stranger then swallowed. "Tastes good. Do you want to taste mine?" the man said and without waiting for an answer, he made Martin kneel in front of him and pressed his slobbering cock against Martin's lips. The heady smell of semen filled Martin's nostrils as he took the plump knob into his mouth and licked it. From then on the dark stranger was like a poison in his blood. There was hardly a moment when he was not on his mind. His name was Vlad and he had just moved to London.


JULIUS -96

He was living in a big house near the park and Martin found all kinds of excuses for passing his house frequently, hoping to see him. On sunny days Vlad always remained inside because of the sensitivity of his skin. Thick curtains were carefully closed in each window. Martin waited impatiently for a cloudy day in hopes of seeing him again. Whenever Vlad came to mind, Martin's cock turned hard and he blushed violently in memory of the powerful orgasm he had experienced in the bushes. Each morning he rushed to the window hoping to see an overcast sky and living in London, his wishes were granted frequently. He did not see Vlad for several weeks, though, and his house looked uninhabited. Martin went to the park daily, but to his disappointment Vlad was never there.

As he passed the house one day, Martin suddenly saw that the curtains had been drawn and his heart began to beat madly. In heated anticipation he ran to the park, but his heart sank as he saw the empty benches. Then he heard a familiar voice behind him. "Where is your friend?". As Martin turned around, he saw Vlad with a wicked smile on his face. "Eric could not come today", Martin mumbled staring at his feet. "Well, it's hardly worth playing ball then. Shall we go to the Serpentine?", Vlad asked and wrapped his arm around Martin's shoulders. "I have missed you, boy. Have you missed me?" Vlad asked as they walked towards the lake. Martin nodded his head and shyly wrapped his arm around his waist. For a while they walked in silence and then Vlad abruptly bowed his head and gave Martin a kiss. At first it was just a light kiss, but as he noticed that the boy liked it, Vlad gave him a proper kiss. As the delirious boy wrapped his arms around Vlad's neck and eagerly responded to his kiss, Vlad shoved his tongue into Martin's mouth and fondled his bubble butt with his big hands. "Come, let's go in there", Vlad said and pulled Martin into a thicket of nearby bushes.

Sheltered by thick foliage there was a small hollow, and in there Martin lost his cherry. As they emerged from the bushes half an hour later with beaming faces, they headed towards the entrance of the park. Before they separated, Vlad asked Martin to leave his window open that night. "I am going to visit you tonight and while all the others are asleep, we shall indulge in our desires undisturbed by anybody", Vlad said leaving Martin in lusty turmoil. During dinner there was a lot of talk about Steven, Martin's older brother. He had traveled to Transylvania on business and nobody had heard anything from him since. His parents were worried, but Martin's mind was occupied by one thing only. He waited impatiently for nightfall, and consumed with burning desire, he was unable to concentrate on anything else. As the house finally had settled for the night, Martin lay in his bed with the window open, waiting for Vlad. Determined to stay awake, he listened to a blackbird outside and watched the curtains rustle in a gentle breeze. The emotional turmoil of the day took its toll, though, and he fell asleep only to wake up later that night as a buck naked Vlad climbed in beside him.

Suddenly the night was full of noises: the rushing of his hot blood, the mad pounding of his heart and his loud puffing - together with the noisy rustle of the sheets sounded in his ears like an earthquake. Martin was sure that everybody in the house had awakened by the awful racket, but as Vlad grabbed him in his arms and kissed him, the ecstatic boy did not care anymore. All that mattered was to get the throbbing cock of his lover inside him once again. After Vlad left several hours later, exhausted Martin lay in his bed listening to the undisturbed silence around him. Even his loud moans and the desperate creaking of his bed, while Vlad vigorously fucked him time after time, had all gone unnoticed. Martin knew then that he was safe; the old house protected him and his energetic lover. It was going to see a lot more fierce fucking in the future, of that he was very sure.

During the next few days, Martin was too weak and tired to go to the park and dark shadows appeared under his eyes. Luckily Vlad visited him each night and pumped him full of life again, but during the day he felt miserable and mostly remained in his room.

JULIUS-96

One day he woke up as Steven flew into the room followed by a handsome stranger who looked like a mariner. "Where is he? Have you met him?" Steven asked hastily. Puzzled, Martin looked at his brother and said, "Have I seen who?" Steven gave him a long inquiring look. "The Count, have you seen the Count? This is important, Martin, it's a question of life and death. Judging by your ghastly appearance I think you have already met him. Please, tell me have you recently been befriended by a dashing dark stranger?" Steven asked and he did not have to wait for an answer, it was written all over Martin's face. Steven sat down on Martin's bed and began to tell his story.

The ghastly details of his adventure made the poor boy shiver and silently, Baxter wrapped his arm around Martin's shoulder in sympathy and protection. When Steven finished his story with the horrid incidents aboard the Cerberus, Martin knew the reason for Vlad's absences. He then told everything to Steven and Baxter, even the details of his seduction, though it made blush in embarrassment. Thinking how naive he had been deeply disturbed Martin. As Baxter comforted the tormented boy and wrapped his arms around him, Martin buried his burning face into Baxter's furry chest. It was then decided that Baxter was to remain with Martin and protect him against the Count while Steven rushed to the harbor to inform Graham and Captain Jenkins.

On his way Steven asked his parents not to disturb Martin as he was in the best of hands now and would soon recover. Martin had wrapped his arms tightly around Baxter's muscular body and inhaled his musky masculine scent. Each time Baxter moved, Martin clutched him tighter and begged him not to leave him alone. For comfort, Baxter pulled off his shirt, but the smooth skin of the boy touching his own weather-beaten skin was merely aiding to his discomfort as his rebellious cock turned rock hard. Martin soon noticed the ominous bulge in Baxter's crotch and accidentally-on-purpose stroked it with his fingers. Baxter's body stiffened, but to Martin's delight he did nothing to to prevent the advances of the lusty boy. As Martin's fingers fumbled for his turgid knob, Baxter drew air sharply through his clenched teeth and said, "I guess you could use a friend now, boy. You are in a lot of stress and good, wholesome sex is in the doctor's orders for you. It eases the pressure like magic. Want to give it a try?", Baxter asked and as Martin shyly nodded his head, Baxter opened his fly and pulled out his throbbing cock.

Martin fondled the thick shaft while Baxter - holding his breath - peeled off the rest of his clothes. He then locked the door and climbed into Martin's bed stark naked. Baxter was perhaps the most handsome man Martin had ever seen and as he stretched out beside him in all his virile masculinity, the lusty boy was disoriented and dizzy out of sheer enchantment. The sight of Baxter's bloated cock, rising like an unshakeable lighthouse amidst the riotous surf of his swirling pubic hair, drew Martin's full attention. He crawled towards it and clutched the solid shaft in his hand again. He put the glowing knob into his mouth and licked the smooth surface with his tongue. Baxter took Martin's head into his hands and lifting his buttocks slightly, buried his cock deeper into Martin's wet mouth. Baxter's hefty cock was a symbol of the safety and security of the real world to the deceived boy and Martin wanted to get as much of it inside him as possible. He was so concentrated on his activities that he did not notice Baxter's growing excitement until his hot cum blasted into Martin's mouth very nearly suffocating him. Martin swallowed the thick essence of Baxter's manhood which his heavy cannon had hurled into the boy's mouth. Gradually Baxter's moaning and groaning calmed and Martin licked the dribbles of pearly-white man juice still oozing out of his softening cock. The slightly sweet taste of Baxter's cum and even the heady smell of it seemed to invigorate Martin and he craved for more. The horny boy buried his face into Baxter's bushy crotch and warmed his big balls in his mouth one after another.

JULIUS-96

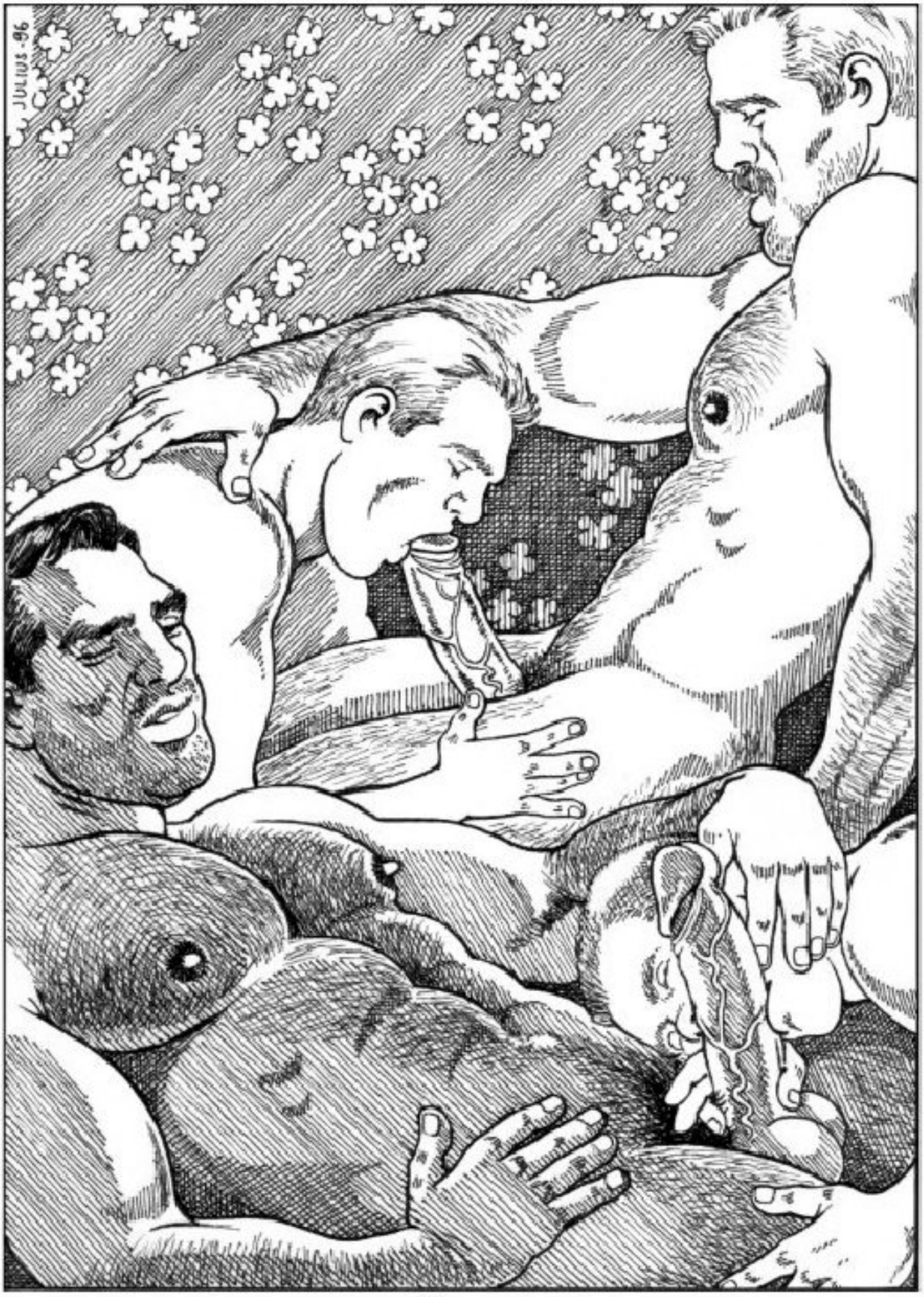
The rank man smell of Baxter's crotch was so arousing that it took Martin a while to notice that Baxter's cock stood boldly in a fuck ready state, fully cocked and ready for action. Baxter then lifted Martin on top of himself and clutched the boy's round buttocks in either hand and opened his furrow. Martin felt the hot head of Baxter's robust cock against his pucker and forcefully pushed his butt backwards. Baxter rammed the narrow cleft with his bald headed member making it gape and drove his big fat knob through Martin's tight sphincter. The inflamed boy squirmed as the massive cock slowly penetrated his butt and forced him to hold his breath until the last few inches were securely embedded deep inside him. Martin put his hands on Baxter's furry pecs and started to fuck himself on the substantial tool. Martin's movements were slow and cautious, but when he saw the man under him biting his lips and turning his head from side to side in a futile attempt not to moan, Martin then increased his efforts until the helpless Baxter gave a how! and lubed Martin's chute amply with his precum.

The covetous boy enjoyed the signs of pleasure on Baxter's masculine face and his power over that big hunk of a man. He soon learned the limits of his power, though, as his own body started to convulse in ecstasy and he spurted his hot juice onto Baxter's furry chest. After a few moments the heavy cannon inside Martin exploded and jets of cum filled his insides. Each shot of Baxter's semen further invigorated Martin. As he finally collapsed on top of the heaving man, Martin felt just marvellous.

In the meantime Captain Jenkins, Graham and Steven had found Count Dracula's home, but there was no one there. After a long search they found the big wooden box and emptied it on the yard. The soil in it smelled hideous and they quickly returned to the house. Captain Jenkins was left to guard the Count's home while Graham and Steven hurried to search the other seven houses bought on Count Dracula's commission. It turned out that all of the other houses were empty. Neighbors told them that big wooden boxes had been carried out and taken away on carriages. One of the neighbors had noticed a sign of a known expedition company on the carriage, but it was too late to do anything about it since it was almost midnight and the offices were closed. Graham and Steven returned to the house where they had left Jenkins and found him lying on the floor buck naked with a huge erection and a strange smile on his face. He was dead and in his hand he held a letter- "Dear Steven, I am deeply disappointed by your betrayal, but the game is not over yet. Very soon you shall regret that you ever messed me and so will Martin, your precious brother. Enjoy your life while you still can, we shall meet sooner than you think. Yours eternally, Vlad Drakul".

Steven was shocked by the unmasked threat on Martin and after covering the body of poor Jenkins, they hurried back to Steven's home. It was well past midnight and there were no lights on anywhere in the building. They stumbled upstairs to see Martin, but found the door locked. Steven knocked the door lightly and they soon heard fast movements and a rustle behind the door. To their immense relief the door was opened by Baxter and behind him they saw wide-eyed Martin in his bed. As they entered the room, they soon realized what had happened. Baxter's fly was open and his underpants were on the floor. Martin's bed was a mess and a smell of cum still lingered in the room- Steven looked at Graham and burst into laughter.

Looking at embarrassed Martin he said, "Congratulations, kid. You could not have picked a nicer man. Don't worry, I'm not going to tell anybody, just keep your hands off this man". Steven had wrapped his arms around Graham and kissed his furry chest. Martin's eyes brightened and he put his head on Baxter's lap as Steven and Graham told them what had happened. They decided to go to the expedition company first thing in the morning to find out what had happened to the boxes.


JULIUS-96

It was nothing short of miracle that Steven's parents did not wake up while both their sons were simultaneously fucked by their lusty lovers right above. As the elders woke in the morning, Steven and Martin had already left the house together with their mature friends. There was a note saying that Steven and Martin had gone to spend week-end with their friends, asking their parents not to worry since the boys were in very good hands. Their parents strongly disapproved of this kind of behavior. To calm their strained nerves they decided to spend a few days in Brighton.

The director of the expedition company, Mr. Hastings, told them that a handsome foreigner had arranged the transportation of the boxes from each of the houses to the harbor where they had been loaded aboard the Empress, a Russian clipper which had sailed out last night. From his books, Mr. Hastings saw that the Empress was on its way to Constants on the coast of the Black Sea. They thanked friendly Mr, Hastings for the information and went to the nearest pub to decide what to do next. "The Count is clearly heading back to Transylvania", Graham said. "He is vulnerable at sea and although they have a head-start, the Calypso is fast and we may catch them before they reach Constanta. What do you say?" Graham did not have to ask twice, the determined faces around him said it all.

They arranged a funeral for poor Jenkins and the rest of that day they spent hunting for the members of the crew in the pubs and whore-houses around the harbor. They managed to gather them all and early next morning they were sober enough to hear the reason for their capture. "This is not going to be an easy voyage. Anyone of you who wishes to remain ashore is free to do so. Just step out of the line, collect your belongings and Baxter will pay your wages", Graham said. No one abandoned them and soon the Calypso sailed out in hot pursuit of its prey. Martin adjusted quickly to the life at sea. The hard work during the days was amply compensated with hot sex during the nights.

While their parents sat on the balcony in Brighton looking at the lights of the passing Calypso, they had no idea that Steven and Martin saluted them with big fat cocks buried deep inside them as their rugged lovers put their bubble butts to a heavy use. The weather was fine all the way to Bosporus and they heard that the Empress was only few hours ahead of them as they sailed into the Black Sea. Then the weather turned foggy and almost windless. As they finally reached Constanta, they saw that the Empress was already unloading its cargo. The big wooden boxes were clearly visible on big river boats heading to the canal which connected the harbor with a complex network of inland waterways. From a map they figured that through the network it was possible to get the boxes fast to Transylvania, but by the time the Calypso was moored to the dock, the river boats were long gone.

The crew was needed for maintaining the ship, leaving only Graham, Baxter, Steven and Martin to go on with the pursuit. Baxter and Martin took a river boat and rushed after their prey while Graham and Steven stepped onto a train and headed to Transylvania to get to the castle ahead of the Count. As the boat slowly clattered up the river, Martin studied the map while Baxter held held the steering wheel. The river was very beautiful and as they went further there was very little traffic. It was so hot in the sun that they had to peel off almost all their clothes. Baxter's bulging muscles glistening in the sun was so tempting a sight that Martin could not keep his hands off and fondled his lover's gorgeous body quite unashamedly. Standing behind the man, Martin caressed his furry thighs and yanked down Baxter's shorts. As the horny boy started to kiss Baxter's hairy ass, he anchored the boat in the shade of some big trees with branches reaching over the water and gave Martin what he wanted. The delirious boy moaned in ecstasy as the enormous cock battered his buff with a fiery urgency. Martin's frantic moans as he reached his climax became part of the rippling of water and the sleepy buzzing of grasshoppers. After Baxter with loud groans had deposited his hot sperm inside the limp boy, the pastoral peace around them was undisturbed. A light breeze fondled their sweaty bodies and they fell asleep their bodies entwined.

JULIUS-96

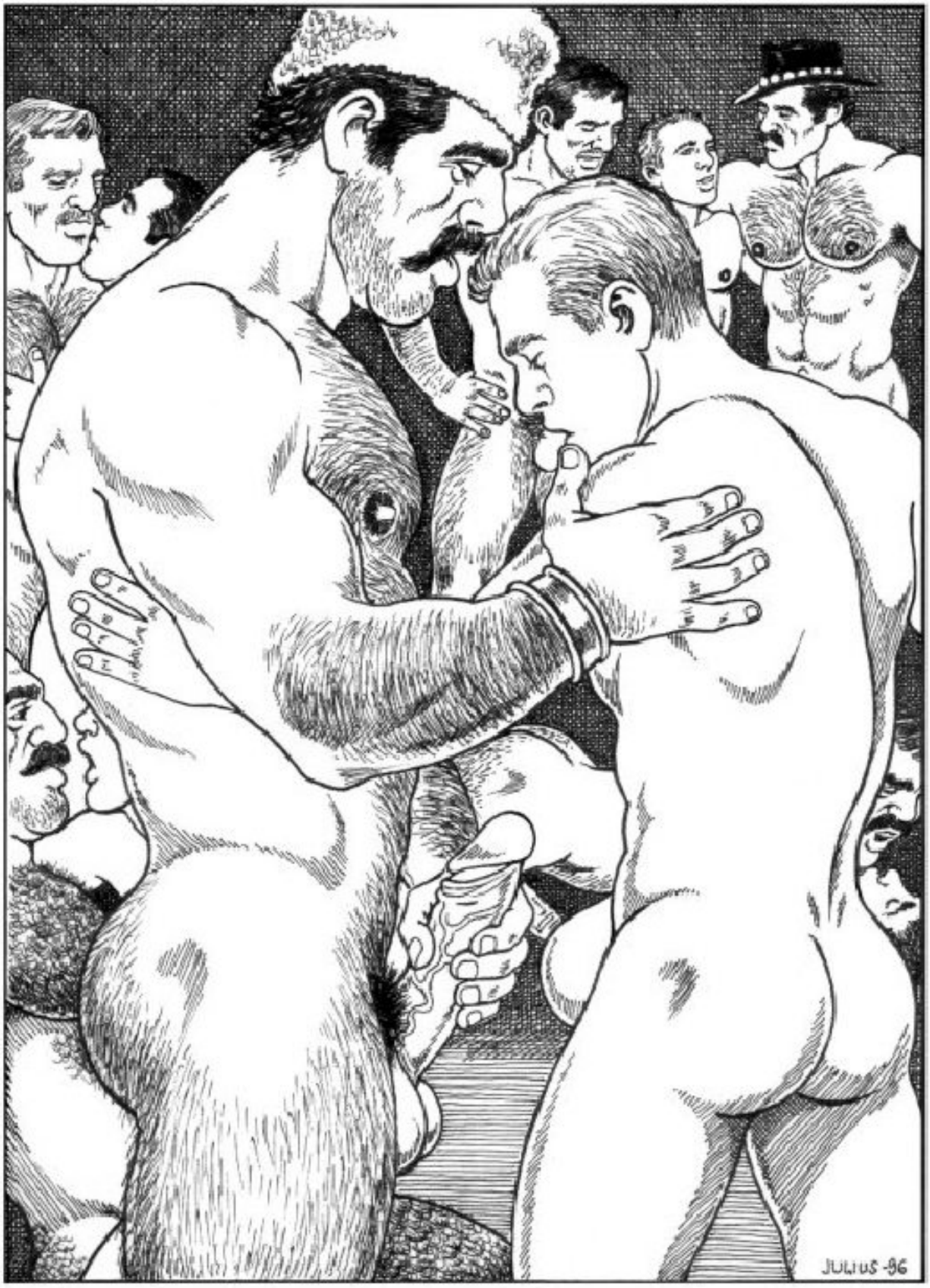
The train raffled through the slumbering landscape while Graham plunged deeper and deeper inside quivering Steven. Their compartment in the sleeper was so small that it was more convenient for Steven to travel on his back with Graham on top of him, of that they were both assured. Graham's bloated cock inside Steven's butt was a bit too big for comfort, but it somehow added to the pleasure of traveling enormously. Time after time energetic Graham filled the moaning boy with his juices and after shattering orgasms Steven emerged like a Phoenix, newborn and ready for more.

Exhausted by their enjoyment, Graham and Steven finally fell asleep and hugged each other tightly as they passed by Bucharest. The lush landscape had changed into barren scenery of Transylvanian alps when they woke up full of energy. They took a stagecoach to Bistrita and stayed there overnight. Early in the morning they headed towards Borgo Pass on rented horses and finally reached the castle of Count Dracula late in the afternoon. To their relief they saw no sign of life around the castle, Count Dracula clearly had not arrived yet. As they sneaked inside, they saw rooms covered with dust as if the castle had been uninhabited for hundreds of years. Had Steven not found his belongings neatly packed in his room, he might have thought that he had dreamed it all.

Martin and Baxter had found an unexpected shortcut and on the second day they sighted the convoy of riverboats. Loaded with heavy boxes the boats ran deep and they had to stay in midstream to avoid the sandbars. As Martin and Baxter passed the convoy, they were close enough to see the gypsies steering the boats. There were six of them and with broad grins on their faces they made indecent gestures with their hands. One of them even opened his fly and pulled out a semi-hard cock of respectable size and stroked it suggestively in full view of dazzled Martin. They soon left the convoy behind and hurried to the landing place some twenty miles upstream to be able to hide the boat before the convoy arrived. Steven and Graham stood on the bank of the river listening intently to the sounds around them.

There had been carriages on the landing place wafting for the boxes, but Steven and graham had unharnessed the horses and driven the stallions away. They had also broken the wheels of the carriages to make sure that they could not be used to carry away the boxes. To their utter delight they soon heard the sound of a single engine which could only mean that Martin and Baxter had somehow managed to pass the convoy. Soon enough a single riverboat turned round the bend and they saw Martin standing on the deck ready to jump ashore. Without delay they hid the boat in a thicket of rushes covered by low-hanging willows and began to waft for the convoy They did not have to wait too long before the clatter of their engines was audible and after a while the convoy turned round the bend. Hiding in the bushes they watched as the gypsies carried the boxes ashore and their rage as they saw their carriages destroyed. After a heated argument the gypsies left the boxes on the riverbank and disappeared into the woods apparently in search of their horses.

This was the moment they had wafted for. Quickly the men and boys opened the boxes and emptied them onto the ground. There were several corpses in the hideously smelling soil, Count Dracula was among them. Graham had sharpened wooden stakes while waiting and assisted by Baxter he thrust them through the hearts of the corpses. As the sharp stake impaled their chests a curious phenomenon occured. For a while it it seemed that the corpses came to life. A horrible scream called out of their twisted mouths and their eyes opened wide. As the screams died down the corpses disintegrated rapidly and turned into gray dust and the hideous smell disappeared. In astonishment they looked at the stakes stuck onto the bare ground. Not a trace of the corpses was left on the soil. As they turned around to leave, they saw the gypsies.


JULIUS -96

With a hostile look in their eyes and gleaming daggers in their hands they stood in front of them. Nobody moved until very slowly Roman sheathed his dagger and recanted. "So you killed the Count, eh? I can't say that I am sorry about his death. Many of my men have tried to kill him, but he was too smart for us. For generations he kept us as slaves and many attempts to kill him have been made over the years. None of us could have guessed that a simple stake was all you needed. This is cause for a celebration. Tonight you shall be our guests and whenever you need our help in any way, all you have to do is ask".

The threatening situation was resolved and the men of the Calypso and the gypsies hugged and kissed each other like brothers. With hollering merriment they rode to a gypsy-camp and sitting by a bonfire they drank wine and ate the traditional meal of the gypsies. In the light of the flickering flames they all listened to their sentimental songs and watched their fiery dances. To Martin and Steven it was an exotic experience. The bold gypsy who had exposed his cock to Martin on the river asked the boy to dance with him. In the course of the dance and in full view of the other she somehow managed to inflame Martin to the point of an erection with his lusty eyes and the openly erotic movements of his muscular body. Dizzy Martin saw that Roman was dancing with Steven and out of nowhere appeared young gypsyboys who invited Graham and Baxter to join in.

While the others clapped their hands rhythmically, the dancing gypsies peeled off their clothes one by one and in the course of the dance stripped off the clothes of their dancing partners as well. The heat of the bonfire together with the wine and the unashamedly erotic dance of the well hung gypsies had their effect and one by one the couples disappeared to the tents circling the bonfire and a strange roulette began. Moving from tent to tent the virile bucks fucked all the boys keeping them busy all the night. As one had shot his load the next came in and started it all over again, In the course of the game, Martin and Steven learned to know each other's lovers intimately. It all ended with blissful Martin sleeping in Baxter's arms and delirious Steven in Graham's tight embrace.

After that memorable night there was no jealousy between the brethren. They learned to share the good things in life, while Graham and Baxter took care that it was between the two equally. In the morning they bid farewell to the gypsies and headed downstream. There would be a lot to tell about their voyage back to London, but this is as good point as any to end the story. Only let me tell you that Steven ended his promising career in Dutton, Wolworth & Dutton and to the disappointment of his parents sailed aboard the Calypso to the West Indies. Luckily Martin showed no sign of such irresponsibility, but stayed home closely guarded by a private tutor they had managed to find for him, a man called Baxter. To their delight Martin had grown very fond of the fellow and one seldom saw them separated. In the skillful hands of Mr. Baxter, Martin was known to be care free and gay.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

On September 12th, Professor Morrison came to see his friend, Dr. Jekyll at his mansion in Belgravia. Dr. Jekyll came from a wealthy family and had inherited a fortune some ten years ago. He was living in a luxurious house with his servants, but scarcely noticed his surroundings. He was a respected scientist who was so dedicated to his work that his friends took turns calling on him just to see that he was all right. That was exactly what Professor Morrison was doing on that Monday morning. For years Dr. Jekyll had been working in his laboratory trying to find chemicals affecting human behavior. His friends suspected that he had made a breakthrough a year ago as he suddenly stopped seeing them and locked himself in his laboratory working day and night. At this time he had employed a certain Mr. Hyde to govern his house and the servants. Mr. Hyde was a coarse, beastly man who showed no respect to his master's friends. Lately he had bluntly refused to let them in, saying that Dr. Jekyll was not at home, although they could easily see that the lights were on in his laboratory. Professor Morrison expected to see the brutal face of Mr. Hyde, but to his surprise the door was opened by a young foot-man who was clearly in shock. "He is dead... Dr. Jekyll is dead", he said before Professor Morrison had time to ask for his friend.

Inside the laboratory he found Dr. Jekyll collapsed on top of his desk. He still held the gun in his hand. It appeared that Dr. Jekyll had shot a bullet through his head. On the desk there was a book and a note on top of it. "I am sorry for what I have done, but read my notes and you will understand why I did it". The handwriting was that of his friend and Professor Morrison leafed through the the book which turned out to be a combination of a diary and a notebook of his experiment. In the absence of Mr. Hyde, Professor Morrison took care of the necessary arrangements after his friend's tragic death. In the evening he returned to his own house and though he was very tired, he went to his study and began to read the notes of his deceased friend. It went back to events that had taken place a year ago.

"I was sure I had lost the recipe in the coach that afternoon and went into the stable to see Edward, my coachman. As I approached the stable I became aware of strange noises and as I peeked in, I saw naked Edward in most indecent activities. He was actually fucking my young valet, Andrew, who was also nude. I saw Edward bury his turgid cock into the boy's bare butt with a ferocity that was dreadful, yet the boy seemed to enjoy it every bit as much as my beastly coachman. Andrew moaned and shivered with each stroke of Edward's rampant cock. He fucked the boy deep and hard with his massive tool. From where I stood, I could easily see the bulging veins of his glistening weapon. Edward fucked the boy like a man possessed. With eyes ablaze and inflamed beyond belief he thrust his solid meat inside Andrew's bare butt again and again. Suddenly I got a throbbing hardon. I returned to my laboratory and masturbated several times. In the morning I fired them both. The reason why I fired them was that Edward had done what I had wanted to do for quite some time. Andrew with his bubble butt and smooth body had attracted me right from the beginning. As the master of the house I had ample possibilities to seduce him, but I was too concerned about my respectability and reputation. If only I could do the things that I really wanted without the fear of being caught. Instead of being one of the most conspicuous men in society, I could be someone like Edward and fuck anybody I wanted. That brought me the idea that the physical transformation might be achieved chemically.

JULIUS-86

If certain substances created a change in personality, why not in the physical appearance also? I had actually seen some some physical changes in my patients which had undoubtedly been caused by a drug that they had consumed over a long period of time. Could this be achieved faster, even in few hours? I was so intrigued by the problem that I worked in my lab like a maniac. Days and nights I tested substances until I finally found the solution a year ago. I beg your pardon for being so secretive, but the potion I found is so dangerous that I shan't tell the ingredients to anybody. I could not test my potions on anybody else than myself. I had managed to create some physical changes with my former experiments, but the major breakthrough came in August last year.

I had prepared yet another potion and consumed a spoonful of it. I was leafing through my notes when suddenly a fit of incredible pain hit me. I was crawling on the floor and was fully convinced that I was going to die. I had a feeling that my skin was just about to burst from the intense pressure inside and I lost consciousness for half- an-hour. When I woke up all my clothes were strangling me and I stripped myself stark naked and rubbed my numb limbs to get my blood circulating again. Then I noticed that my arms were incredibly hairy and my hands looked different somehow. My slim fingers had turned stubby and the nails were thicker. I jumped up and realized that my whole body was hairy. I grabbed a mirror into my hand and to my horror I saw that I had turned into a hairy beast; nothing was left of my former self. I had thick sandy hair and my hairline was low indeed. My features were rugged and amid the full beard and bushy eyebrows were a pair of cold gray eyes that looked cruelly at me. I had a robust body with big bulging muscles and my body was covered with swirling hair, even my back and my shoulders were hairy. I had big nipples protruding out of my furry pecs and a big fat cock standing up in an ever hard erection. A thin line of precum hung from the bulbous knob and I could feel a powerful lust in my bones.

An incredible craving for a smooth boy's butt filled my body and soul. I remembered Keith, my new stable boy. He slept in a shed adjoining the stable and I had drooled over his bubble butt for quite some time. Ernest, my new coachman was a family man and slept at his home. All the other servants slept in the house and would not hear anything that was happening in the shed. The risk was minimal and the more I thought about Keith's smooth body, the wilder was my lust. I, remembered that the gardener kept his working clothes in the same shed. He was approximately the same.size as I was now. I could not walk around naked, I needed some clothes. That worked as an excuse for my intrusion. I sneaked out of the lab and crossed the yard. The night was warm and the air caressed my nude body most arousingly. My rock hard cook throbbed with lust and anticipation and my low hanging big balls promised a lot of jizz to feast with. My heart was pounding madly as I slipped in. The shed was dark and as I entered Keith's sleeping nook, I stopped to listen. I could hear the boy's steady breathing, otherwise the silence was unbroken.

Cautiously I climbed into Keith's bed and to my utter delight I noticed that he was sleeping totally naked. His smooth body touched mine as I stretched out beside him. In his sleep Keith moved a little as if to give me more space and his buttocks parted a little revealing the furrow hiding his bud. My cock was throbbing violently and my pulse turned faster as I felt the heat of his young body against my night air cooled skin. Very cautiously I rubbed my aching cock against Keith's crack and fondled his smooth body with my big hands. At first he moaned very quietly in his sleep and I opened his shot furrow even more. Encouraged by my success I pressed my throbbing tool deeper into his crack and my wandering hands found Keith's jutting dick. My temples were pulsating wildly as the blood rushed through my horny body. For a while I fondled Keith's velvety cock, but then my covetous fingers searched the object of my desire and I opened it by shoving in my finger. Keith woke up abruptly and tried to jump out of the bed, but I had him in a tight grip. He begged me to let him go, but by then I was so blinded by my lust that I would never have let him out of the bed without fucking him first.

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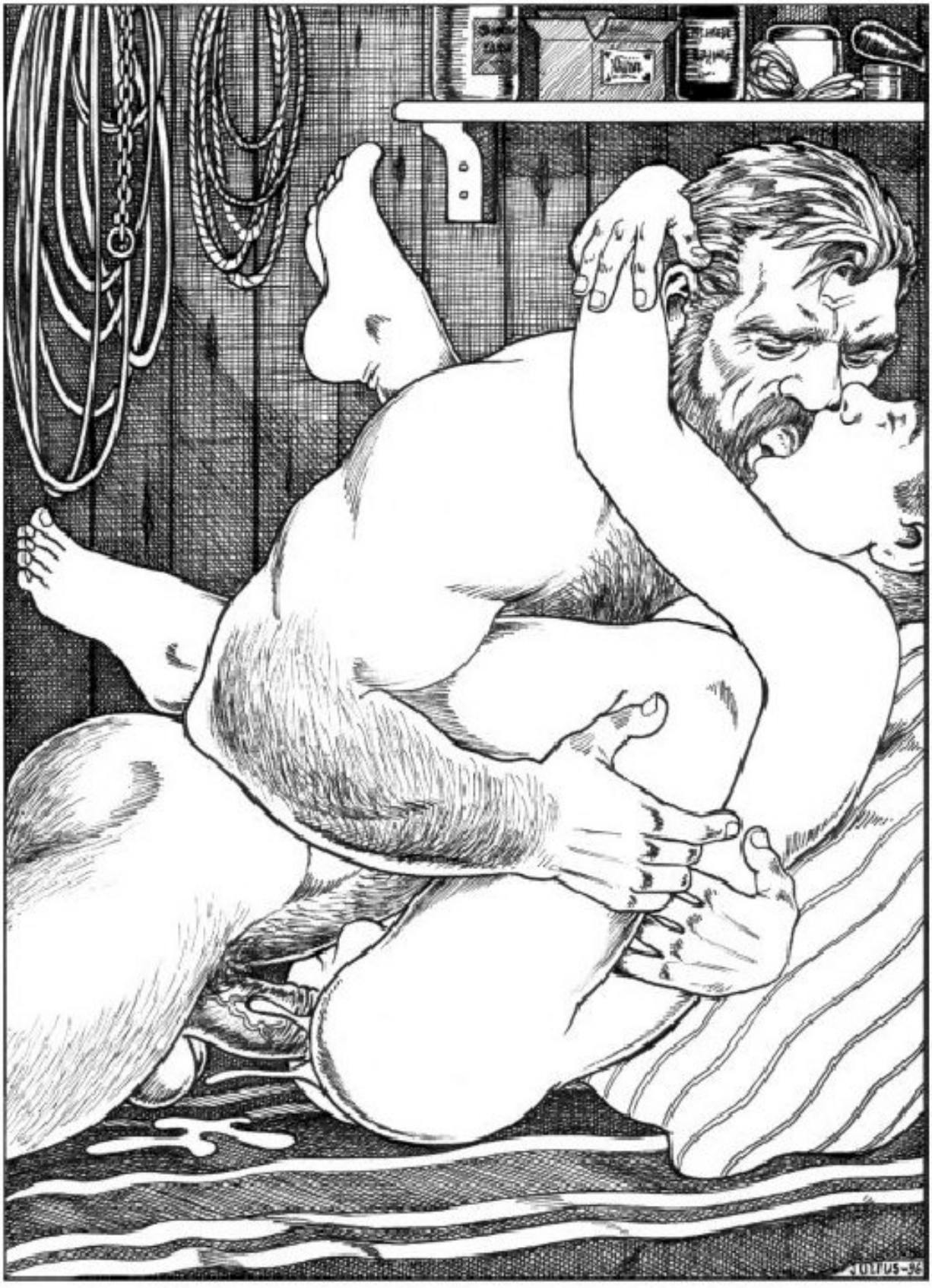
I pressed the helpless boy under me saying that it would be wiser not to resist me since I was going to fuck him whether he liked it or not. I was surprised to hear that even my voice had changed. It was rough, low and commanding. Keith tried to struggle himself free, but I plunged my massive cock into his hot tunnel and with strong effort forced it in all the way. Keith was trembling and begging, but I had no mercy on him. My lusty cock wanted its relief here and now and my aching balls knew no excuses. Keith's undulating channel felt so arousing around my cock that I had fervently fucked him for quite some time before I noticed that the boy was not resisting any more.

He was moaning like a puppy and his hands fondled my body. His eyes were closed and he turned his head from side to side, but his crack was fully open for me and I could feel spasms tear through his body. When I slid my fat cock in and out in his tight butt, our bodies slapped together with a force that brought the gasping boy to climax and feeling the quick vibrations I lost all control and shot my load into Keith's quivering butt. An orgasm like that I had never experienced before. I was totally drained. As I finally gained consciousness, I realized that the boy under me was fast asleep with the evidence of my crime still buried deep inside his rosy butt.

Horrified by what I had done, I rushed back to the lab and sat there for hours in grave self-accusation. I must have dozed off, but as I woke up in the morning, I was my own old self again. Frightened by the strange experience I swore never to touch the fatal potion again. Our intentions might be good, but our flesh is weak. After a few days I was not so sure about my decision anymore. I had seen Keith later that day and he seemed to be happy as a lark. I asked whether he would rather sleep in the house with the other servants, but he said that he was very satisfied with the present arrangement. My own lust made itself known by a persistant hardon and I had to return to my lab not to make a fool of myself. The boy seemed to have enjoyed it all and no harm was done, why should I worry? Knowing that there was a willing boy nearby made my resistance futile. The smooth pink buns were there for me to enjoy in the heat of the night and in the morning nobody would be any wiser of what had happened between two of us. I'd be a fool not to fuck him. I lost the battle and after a few nights I repeated my experiment.

The same thing happened again. I was hit by sudden pain and lost consciousness. As I woke up, I saw that the same physical changes had occurred again. This time I had reserved some fitting clothes for myself and quickly dressed up as the powerful lust was churning in my veins and my solid cock throbbed in horny anticipation. Cautiously I sneaked into the stable again and in the pale moonlight I saw Keith fast asleep in his bunk bed. While devouring the irresistible beauty of Keith's nude body with my hungry eyes, I quietly stripped off my clothes. Standing at the end of the bed I stroked my hard meat, stunned by the arousing sight. Keith's beautifully curved bubble butt and his smooth, unblemished skin glimmering in the moonlight made my balls ache with fierce desire. I swear it was my intention not to disturb the sleeping boy, just to jack off while looking at all the delicacies in front of me, but then I got too excited and Keith woke up. Yawning he stretched out his limbs and rubbed his sleepy eyes. "Oh, it's you, Sir", he said. I have waited for you every night and I nearly lost all hope of ever seeing you again. I was afraid that after you copped my cherry, you would not want me anymore. It has happened to many boys, you see. I'm glad you came back, Sir. Please, let me suck your cock, Sir'.

I noticed that Keith's cock had turned hard and his little nipples protruded erect. He wrapped his arms around my thighs and with his open mouth he caught the turgid knob of my throbbing cock. Keith's slippery tongue further inflamed my raving cock and I lost my breath as he sucked it deep into his drooling mouth. As his puffing nose hit my heavy ball sack, I lost all control. Furiously I fucked his burning face, my savage cock plunging deeper and deeper into his throat. I was afraid of suffocating him, yet totally unable to stop fucking his smooth and wet mouth.



Keith's hands caressed my buttocks and his whole body trembled as I reached my climax and thrusting my pulsating tool deep into his throat, exploded inside him. Keith was clearly fighting against gagging, but I held his face in a tight grip while shooting my load. Hot cum squirted out of his mouth and covered his beautiful face. As I pulled my cock out of his mouth, Keith was limp like my tool. I noticed that he too had shot his load, his flaccid dick resting in a puddle of fresh cum. With a deep sigh Keith returned among the living again and began to lick his face. I kneeled beside him and devoured the tasty boy cum from his smooth belly and licked his dick also. The young rascal showed his appreciation by turning hard again, which gave me an excellent excuse to fuck him.

Had I forgotten how deliciously his tight chute undulated my robust rod, I might have exploded instantly. Keith offered his tunnel to be explored by my bloated cock in a most arousing manner and it did not take long before I lubed his innards with yet another load of my frothy cum. I had not expected that Keith could want me as much as I wanted him, but that became apparent when he refused to let me go. He entwined his limbs around me and held me in a tight hug urging me to fuck him more. I'm ashamed to admit that I was only too pleased to do it. I had been so long on a starvation diet that there was no way I could have abstained. During that night I fucked him several times using both his covetous cavities to deliver my hot semen. Keith refreshed my lust with his insatiable mouth. To explain my presence in the house I told Keith that Dr. Jekyll had hired me to take care of the laboratory and that my name was Hyde, the first name coming to my mind. Since I was hiding in the shape of Mr. Hyde and tried to save my hide while doing my crimes, what could have been more fitting?

With the first light of the dawn, I sneaked out of the stable and went into the laboratory. With a goblet of excellent cognac I waited for my transformation, still excited by the intense enjoyment Keith had provided to my senses. Unfortunately my success with Keith soon encouraged me to search for new boys. I fucked Keith regularly, but that did not prevent me from letching after others. With a whole new world opened to me, I longed after many beautiful boys that I saw on the streets. One of them was Colin, the son of a storekeeper down the street. He had watered my mouth for quite some time with his natural good looks and now I simply had to have him. He delivered the goods purchased from his father's shop and I was going to use that to get him into my laboratory. By then everybody in the house knew that I had hired Mr. Hyde to take care of the laboratory. In my absence, he was the master of the house and his orders were to be obeyed as if they were mine.

I ordered some materials for the lab and asked them to be delivered as soon as possible.. I then took my potion and as Colin arrived with the goods, I was waiting for him in the shape of Mr. Hyde. There is a storage room in the cellar and I asked Colin to take the stuff down there. I followed the boy downstairs and bolted the door behind me. Leaning against the door I pulled my erect cock out and as Colin turned around he noticed my fuck-ready tool. His eyes widened and as I teasingly pulled my cock down allowing it to bounce back up again, the boy watched it mesmerized. "What do you say if we two have a little fun together. As they say, all work and no fun makes Colin a dull boy. I bet you need a break now, my boy", I said and grabbed him in my arms.

"But what is Daddy going to say, Mr. Hyde?" Colin sobbed. "We are not going to tell him, are we?" I said fondling his smooth body with rising passion. "No, I guess not", Colin said without trying to stop me. With feverish hands I peeled off his clothes and he helped me to get rid of my shirt, As his bare body touched mine, I was in flames. I now had in my arms the boy I had letched after and my cock throbbed urgently to get inside him. I kneaded his beautifully curved buns with my big hands and bent my head to kiss him. Colin's smooth lips shivered lightly as I shoved my tongue into his hot mouth.

JULES-96

He tasted fresh and I sucked his slippery tongue deep into my mouth. I teased that tiny bit of his flesh by sucking, licking and biting it with growing intensity. Little by little the boy relaxed and wrapped his arms around my neck. He was now responding by eating my face quite avidly and I opened his furrow with my fingers and fondled his pucker. Gradually I drilled my index finger through his tight sphincter and slowly glided it into the second knuckle. His whole body tensed and he moaned softly, but as I rotated my finger inside his chute his body relaxed again. When I shoved a second finger inside him, he clenched his buttocks and drew air trough his teeth, but he was soon ready for the third.

Colin flexed and relaxed his glorious butt as I dug my fingers deeper inside him and he licked my ear fervently while I grazed his prostate. He was now ready for the real thing, I grabbed his leg on my arm and lifted it up exposing his crack fully. I guided my throbbing cock to his cherry and bust in with a fierce thrust. Colin squealed and jerked as the plump head plunged inside him, but it did not take long before he tried to suck in the rest of it by clenching and relaxing his sphincter. I was grateful for all the help I could get because Colin was much tighter than Keith. Colin's hot chute fit my rigid cock so tightly that I spurted a lot of precum which eventually eased the friction. Then I was totally in.

Colin gasped and moaned frantically and kept repeating "Oh, my God" as I cautiously began to fuck him. He buried his nails into my muscles and howled as my cock pestered his butt. I would never have guessed that Colin would be so passionate, You saw him on the street and he was always calm and collected and yet I now had in my arms a bundle of nerves who feverishly searched for relief and responded to my ferocious fucking with his whole body. I was so infatuated with the boy that I had to strain my every muscle not to shoot my load before my lusty lover was ready. When Colin, heaving and blowing, collapsed in my arms, the load I blasted inside him would have been credit for any cocksman. It took us a while to regain our composures. Colin pulled me closer and buried his face into my hairy chest. "We were lucky since Dr. Jekyll was not at home", Colin murmured and kissed my erect nipples. "Yes, indeed", I replied hugging him tightly to conceal my broad smile.

"Can we do it again?" Colin asked and looked at me intently. "Sure we can", I answered. During the next couple of weeks I fucked Colin repeatedly, but so insatiable was my lust that although I fucked both my boys regularly, I still drooled after new partners. It turned into a habit to have the potion each night and in the shape of Mr. Hyde go hunting for new butts on the dark streets of London. My licentious debauchery knew no boundaries. Sheltered by the darkness I then did things that I am deeply ashamed of. Although there were plenty of willing boys around, I assaulted and molested many innocent lads also and forced them to have sex with me against their will. My mind was so entangled and morbid that their resistance simply increased my lust and raping them somehow added to my own pleasure. In the shape of Mr. Hyde I could satisfy even my lowest instincts and I did not hesitate to do that.

My brother, William, lives outside London. He has a son, Kevin, who was going to a new school in London and William wrote me a letter asking whether Kevin could lodge in my house. The house is big and there was no way I could have refused him.

I had not seen the boy since he was just a toddler and you can imagine my state of mind when Kevin turned out to be a beauty that stirred my lust beyond descripTion. I gave him a room adjoining my bedroom and locked the door in between not to raise any suspicions. For weeks I fought against my craving lust, a useless fight I was destined to loose. Each day I satisfied my lust for Kevin with Keith or Colin, but it did not diminish my yearning for him. I wanted him so badly that each night I paced in my room unable to sleep. I just had to have him. My plan was to arouse Kevin's sexuality and then satisfy his lust personally. For that purpose I decorated his room with obscene prints and paintings I had bought from a brothel in Soho. I also left a lot of pornographic books in the room. I knew the plan worked when I saw that some of the books had been ardently used and I found some cum stains in his sheets. I then told Kevin that I was going to visit some friends for the weekend and my friend, Mr. Hyde was going to take care of him in my absence.

On Saturday morning I left the house only to return later in the shape of Mr. Hyde. While we had supper together, I saw that Kevin paid a lot of attention to husky Mr. Hyde, sneaking an investigative look whenever he thought that I was not noticing. Afterwards we went upstairs and I said that I was going to sleep in Dr. Jekyll's room in case he needed me. To my utter delight I noticed that the little devil was peeking at me through the keyhole while I undressed. I gave him a full view of my expanding cock and hairy ass. When I turned around and he saw my massive weapon in its full glory, I heard a loud thud from his room and had an excuse to unlock the door.

As I came in I saw naked Kevin sitting on the floor desperately trying to hide his prominent hardon. He had apparently backed away from the door and overturned a small rickety table. I lifted him up and carried him to a couch. I used the opportunity to fondle Kevin's smooth body cautiously. Frightened as he was, he did not ward me off. I asked if he had hurt himself and used it as an excuse to take a closer look at his beautiful body. I stroked his inner thighs and noticed that his erection was rock hard and his balls pressed tight against his twitching dick. I could not resist my desire anymore and grabbed the shivering boy in my arms and gave him a long kiss.

At first he was alarmed and tried to to avoid me, but he soon allowed me to shove my tongue deep into his hot mouth. "It seems that we are both in need of a relief tonight, Kevin. Why don't we help each other? See how my cock is throbbing with juice striving to get out. Would you like to soothe it with your wet mouth?" I asked.

Without answering Kevin kneeled between my legs and took the hot knob into his mouth. At first he seemed a bit embarrassed and shy, but encouraged by my approval he began to suck and lick my cock with real pleasure. You can guess my feelings as I watched his rosy tongue fondling my veiny weapon and felt the warmth of his soft lips on my swollen dick. I was fully aware of the abominal nature of my crime, but it merely added my excitement. When Kevin sucked my inflamed cock deep into his mouth, nothing could have stopped me from fucking that beautiful face. As I buried my thick throbber in Kevin's mouth the pleasure was so intense that my legs were trembling. I had to fight against cumming right from the start, but I extended the enjoyment as much as I possibly could. When I shot my load into Kevin's mouth the relief was so blissful and ecstatic that I could not say a word for a long time.

As Kevin licked and swallowed my heady cum, he looked at me and there was certain pride in his eyes. He clearly enjoyed his newly found might which had forced a grown man to moan and groan in his hands. I smiled at him and tussled his hair as I pulled my flaccid cock out of his mouth. I then lifted him on the bed and climbed on top of him so that Kevin's protruding cock was facing me. I lifted his legs and put them under my arms, forcing Kevin's smooth butt a bit higher and revealed his pink pucker. Kevin jerked as I touched his bud with my wet tongue, but didn't try to stop me.

JULIUS-96

I sucked and licked his pucker, turning more ravenous as I noticed that his butt was shivering and his breathing turned laborious. With my fingers I forced his tight sphincter to give in and shoved my slippery tongue inside his chute. As I molded his sphincter with my teeth and buried my tongue even deeper inside him, Kevin wrapped his arms around my thighs and moaned loudly. I then took his ball sack in my mouth and fondled the oval nuts with my tongue as I forced my finger inside his butt and probed the hot cavity.

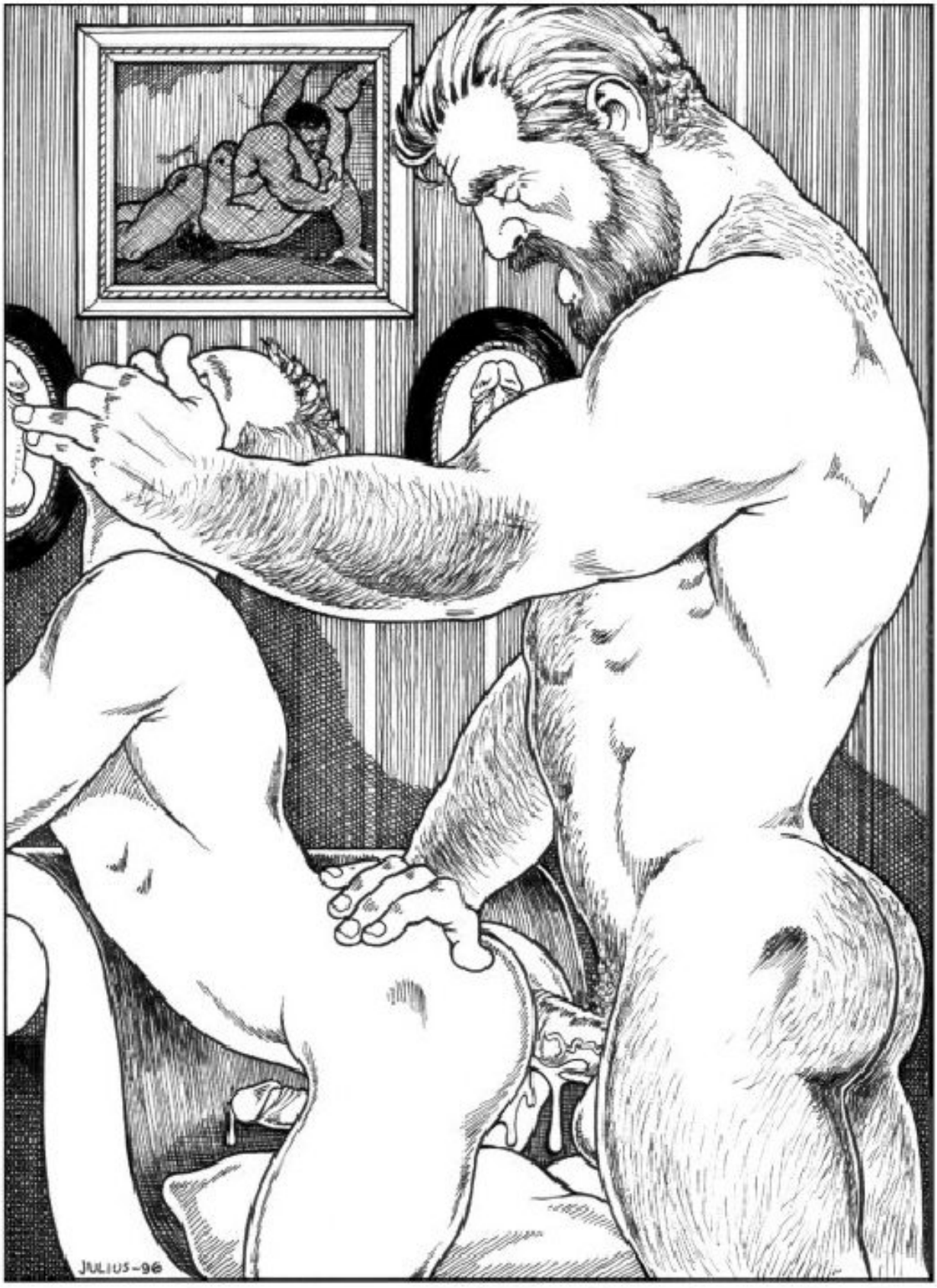
By now Kevin was gasping and heaving and I had to keep his trembling butt in a tight hug. When I then engulfed his throbbing dick, Kevin buried his fingers into my furry thighs and his whole body tensed. I sucked his beautiful pecker with avid gusto and fondled his prostate with my finger. Kevin exploded almost immediately and sobbing and trembling he shot his delicious cream into my mouth. The heaving boy buried his hot face into my furry crotch while I licked his slobbering dick and gave me an immense hardon. When I stretched out beside Kevin, I saw a twinkle in his eye and as I kissed him the boy responded eagerly. My cock was aching to get between Kevin's buns and my fingers refused to leave his pucker. "I'm going to fuck your butt now. If you stay calm and do what I say, you will not be hurt", I said and raised on my knees.

I lifted Kevin up and made him lean against the headboard and spread his legs wide apart. I used my precum to lube Kevin's pucker and as I touched the pearly gates with my white-hot cock, I could sense his wild excitement. After giving him the basic instructions I held his hips in a tight grip and with a vigorous thrust shoved the plump head inside him. Kevin jerked and cried out, but my cock was already halfway in and reversing was out of the question. By rotating my hips I managed to get more cock inside him until I was fully in. I saw some drops of sweat at the nape of Kevin's neck and I licked them off and fondled the shivering boy. Little by little his desperate panting eased and his body relaxed. Soon he felt my pulsating cock with his tight sphincter.

Watching his butt clenching and relaxing around my rigid rod made me really horny. As I began to stroke my meat in and out of Kevin's gripping ass, he started to moan softly. The pace of my fucking increased and so did the volume of Kevin's moaning. When we approached climax and my thrusts were really hard, rapid and deep, I had to cover Kevin's mouth with the palm of my hand and biting it hard the ecstatic boy shot his load. Hugging the spasming boy I made my final attack and blasted my load inside Kevin in an orgasm that took my breath away. Volley after volley my hot semen cascaded into Kevin's wet butt and the heady aroma of fresh cum lingered around us.

When I pulled my cock out, pearly blobs of semen decorated Kevin's peachy butt and I licked them into my mouth. I then stretched out on the bed and Kevin curled beside me. I wrapped my arm around him and pulled him closer. "Is that what men are doing when they are together? I mean like soldiers and sailors and such?" Kevin asked. "Some of them do, yes. Why?" I asked. "Well, that was great and I am going to be a soldier or sailor. Then I can do it as often as I like", Kevin mused. "You don't have to be a soldier or a sailor to do it. You can do it with me whenever you want", I replied. "Yes, but how? When my uncle returns we cannot do it here and I don't even know where you live", Kevin said.

"That will be no problem. Your uncle has hired me to take care of the lab and I shall move into the room opposite. Whenever you want your ass busted, just slip a piece of paper under my door and I shall leave the door unlocked for you. When your uncle is asleep or in his lab, we can fuck our heads off without anybody disturbing us", I said. "Oh, great. How about now?" Kevin said and pressed his nude body against mine. I realized that the lusty little rascal had a jutting hardon which demanded immediate attention.


JULIUS-96

Each morning during the following weeks, Kevin pushed a piece of paper under the door as he left to school and each night he sneaked into Mr. Hyde's bed to get profoundly fucked. The boy was hot as lava and I gladly sprayed his innards with my juices. I often lifted Kevin astraddle on top of me and he slid down my solid erection until he was sitting on my bushy crotch and my throbbing cock was buried inside him completely. Kevin then fucked himself on my inflamed boner and made me moan in ecstatic enjoyment that knew no boundaries. His hot channel sucked and kissed my swollen dick so arousingly that I had shattering orgasms and thrashing my body around I squirted cum endlessly.

To satisfy my lusty lovers and myself, I had taken the potion daily. I soon noticed that the effects of the transformation began to last longer. I could fuck Kevin all night wilthout fear that I would abruptly turn back to Dr. Jekyll. Around that time I also noticed that Mr. Hyde's brutality was increasing. I often slapped Kevin's butt to make it clench harder around my cock and add to my enjoyment. Then the kitchen boy, Neil, was caught red-handed stealing some wine out of the cellar and was brought to me to be punished. Neal was a typical London lad, a bit hardheaded and insolent... but nice-looking. I took him upstairs to my room and made him strip off his clothes. At first he tried to resist, but I forced him to obey by slapping him hard a few times. I then made him bow forward on top of my desk and tied his hands to the handles. I then unbuckled my belt and gave him a few brisk slashes with it. His bare butt had given me a prominent hardon and I yanked my pants down and rubbed my hard cock against his crack. My everhard shaft stroked Neil's pucker and the boy shuddered in embarrassment.

"You may now choose the tool of your punishment, but let me assure you that which ever is your choice, they will both be hard on you and make you suffer for what you have done", I said with a gruff voice.

"Please, use the belt, Sir", Neil urged. "Very well, my boy", I said and stepped out of my pants. I gave him a few vigorous slashes and clenching his teeth Neil fought against the sharp pain radiating through his body. After a few more slashes the boy began to squirm and then cried out, "Sir, please, Sir. I have changed my mind. May I ask you to use your cock instead, please". To my surprise I noticed that Neil had a jutting hardon. "If that is what you want, it's OK with me", I said. "But to make sure that you really mean it, you better convince my cock that you want it", I continued and walked round the desk.

I lifted Neil's head and plunged my big fat cock into his wet mouth. It was easy to see that the boy was not sucking a cock for the first time; few London lads did. His professional approach soon started to irritate me and with a vigorous thrust I shoved my rigorous rod deep into Neil's throat startling the boy with my ferocity. I held Neil's head in a tight grip and fucked his face with brutal force. Fully cocked and raking for action I then walked round the desk again and opening Neil's asscheeks with my hands I pressed my turgid knob against his pucker. It soon became clear to me why he had chosen to be punished with the belt at first and how come the boy was such an expert in cock sucking. Neil's sphincter was so tight that I could not get inside him, however hard I knocked at the gates. I spat in my hand, lubed my tool and tried again to no avail. I then took some oil from the desklamp and oiled my frustrated cock. I drove my oily finger inside Neil's tight chute and lubed it carefully. The boy moaned loud as I moved my finger inside his hot hole. I added more fingers to the game and stretched Neil's sphincter to the limit. The frightened boy begged me to stop and promised to do anything I ever wanted, but by then my solid cock was already in and with strong efforts I forced it in all the way.

Neil's heated moans turned into desperate bawling, but my harsh tool was embedded inside him to the hilt and I had no intention of leaving him without carving my name in his tunnel of love and giving him a wet memento of my visit.

JULIUS-96

As I began to fuck his smooth butt with long penetrating strokes, Neil squirmed and groaned with a rattle in his throat. I pulled my cock out almost entirely and then slammed it back with vehement force. Neil's body turned limp and without his occasional loud moans I might have thought that he had lost consciousness. Then suddenly his body started to spasm and tremble most violently and fucking his sweaty butt at a ferocious pace, I officially opened his hot tunnel with the first burst of sparkling cum.

Leaning on the desk I pumped the frothy contents of my cock inside Neil's reddened butt and watched the immobile boy. His eyes were closed and there were sweat drops on top of his nose. I pulled my flaccid cock out of Neal, released his hands and slapping his burning butt I said, "OK, you can go now. Put your clothes on and try to behave decently from now on. Then maybe, but just maybe, I won't have to tell Dr. Jekyll about your misbehavior today."

Slowly Neil lifted his head and gave me a devilish smile. "I know you will not say anything to Dr. Jekyll anyhow, because you want more of this", he said and wriggled his cum drenched butt. I noticed that a steady flow of my cum dribbled out of Neil's butt and there was a puddle on the floor. "Stop talking nonsense, boy. This was just the punishment you deserved, nothing more. Wipe up that stuff on the floor and get back to work", I said with a stern voice. By now Neil was leaning against the desk, his legs wide open and I watched as his cock turned hard again and slowly lifted its purple head. "Oh yeah!" he said with disbelief in his voice. "How come your cock is jutting out fully erect then?" he asked with a triumphant voice. I had not noticed that my cock had turned hard again and as I tried to find something to say, Neil grabbed my swollen dick in his hand and fondled my big balls. "Don't get angry with me, Sir. It's just that I have never been fucked before and I wish you would do it again. The other guys have said that I am too tight and made me suck them instead. Now I know that not only am I not too tight to be fucked, but also that even a monster like your cock, Sir, can fit inside me", Neal said looking at me.

I took him to the bed and let him have it all. I fucked Neil's bruised butt with vigor and vim and the covetous little slut squealed with enjoyment every time my furry crotch hit his buttocks and my inflamed cock was buried inside him to the hilt. On all fours he swayed in the rhythm of my fucking and eagerly received the rigorous visitor in his hot tunnel.

As might have been expected, I could not give up Neil either, and was then fucking four boys on a regular basis. Arranging a secret rendezvous with one of them without raising the others' suspicions was getting very difficult. Kevin had visited his family and in his absence, Neal had shared my bed every night. One day the house maid had cleaned my room and picked up an innocent-looking piece of paper and threw it away. Unaware of Kevin's return and of his message, I picked up Neil on my way and headed upstairs. I was fucking the boy vehemently when Kevin suddenly came in.

I had forgotten to lock the door and with widened eyes Kevin looked at my glistening cock vigorously pumping Neil's butt. To Kevin the sight was so shocking that he rushed out of the room. Asking Neil to stay where he was I dashed after Kevin and found him sobbing on his bed. "You don't like me anymore", he sobbed as I lowered myself on top of him. The touch of his naked body was enough to make my cock twitch and I pressed it against Kevin's furrow. "You know that is not true", I said. "Can't you feel my cock between your buns? It yearns to get inside you and to fill your cavity with its juices. I have missed you, Kevin, I have missed you very much. In your absence Neil was kind enough to give me some consolation and he is a nice boy. Why don't we go back there and be friends again?" I asked and fondled Kevin's smooth body. Kevin turned around and looking straight into my eyes he asked, "Do you swear it?"

JULIUS-96

"Do I swear what?", I asked looking at him in surprise. "Of course I do", I said and kissed his mouth. At first his lips were hesitant to respond, but soon the lusty little rascal was eating my face fervently and I felt his hard on poking against my belly. I snatched the wriggling Kevin into my arms and carried him across the corridor into my bedroom, where Neil was waiting. I put Kevin down on top of the bed and climbed between his legs. I lifted his open butt a little and pressed my turgid cock against his pink pucker while Neal watched, stunned.

"Kevin is in urgent need of a thorough fucking. The poor boy is starving for a big fat cock, aren't you, Kevin?" I asked and pushed the bloated head of my dong inside him. The shock of my cock rocked his slender body and a deep moan escaped from him. "Why don't you let Kevin suck your dick, Neil, while I fill his ass with my meat? I'm sure he would love to get your handsome pecker inside him as well. Isn't that true, Kevin?", I asked and the gasping boy nodded his head as I gave him more cock.

Neil seemed a bit embarrassed, but an opportunity to fuck the smooth face of his master's nephew was irresistible and he lifted Kevin's head to his crotch and shoved his stiff tool into the boy's open mouth. While eating each other with our eyes, Neil and I fucked Kevin from both ends and the impaled boy trembled as I took his hard dick into my hand. Feeling the smooth pliable skin against my palm, I pulled the foreskin back and exposed the finely shaped head of his pulsating cock, making the tormented boy wriggle and squirm. After a few strokes of my fist, Kevin shot his load and lubed my hand with his sticky juice. The ecstatic boy now directed his full attention to Neil. Watching Kevin eat Neil's cock with ravenous hunger and bring the helpless boy to a state of frenzy right in front of my eyes was too much for me. I blasted my load inside Kevin while Neil still fought desperately against cumming. With his agile mouth, Kevin milked the last drop of cum out of the heavily panting and heaving Neil, though. Later that night I watched as the boys fucked each other and inflamed by the sight I then fucked them both. My enjoyment had been so intense that when my cock, for no apparent reason, turned hard later next day. I did not pay much attention to it at first, Then I suddenly noticed that my hands had turned hairy and I rushed to the mirror. To my horror I saw the transformation happen with my own eyes. Gradually my features were turning back to those of Mr. Hyde!

I had not as much as touched the potion that day and yet there I was, standing with an imposing hard on and seething with unrestrained lust and desire. I tried to fight back, but I grossly underestimated the strength of my instincts. Forced by burning desire, I went to the stable and brutally assaulted Keith thrusting my slobbering cock inside him, time after time until an explosive orgasm brought me ecstatic relief. It was awesome to see the amount of cum I shot considering how many times my cock had been drained the night before. The tranformation lasted about an hour, but after that it started to occur more frequently.

I was so shocked that I abandoned the potion altogether and locked it in my medicine cabinet, but it did not help in any way. I had to stop seeing my friends for the fear of transforming into Mr. Hyde in front of their eyes. I started to go out at night again. I went to Whitechapel and in the seedy brothels and dark alleys I threw my insatiable cock into hundreds of willing or unwilling butts, branding them with my scalding cum. In the darkness I fucked boys selling their holes to dissolute seamen as well as drunkards who hardly knew that they had been abused, or unsheltered orphans willing to earn a few pennies by satisfying my roaring lust. The rank smell of cum and vices was so intoxicating that I walked the dimly lit lanes with a perpetual hard on and all my senses fully alert for prey.

JULIUS-96

Returning home after these nocturnal escapades, I often passed Colin's house and noticed that he had a younger brother, every bit as delicious as Colin. The consuming desire inside me was aroused and to get my throbbing cock between his buns became an obsession. One day I saw Colin on the street and asked why he had not visited me lately. Colin said that he had been busy... and after a quick look around he stealthily fondled my bulging crotch. Feeling my perpetual hard on he looked at me and smiled. "Shall I come today?", he asked. "Yes, and bring your younger brother too", I said pushing a pound note into his hand.
Colin looked at me with his mouth open and said, "Oh, no. I'm not going to do that. I can handle that on my own", he said squeezing my cock lightly. "Don't be stupid, of course you can, but your younger brother will be your alibi. We'll put him in another room while I fuck you where he will be very busy with all kinds of interesting things that he will find in there", I said not mentioning that I was personally going to select those interesting things very carefully.

Later that day, Colin arrived with his younger brother, Duncan. The boy was so delicious that I would have wanted to rape him right there and then, but I had to be patient. There is a small office adjacent to my lab and I asked Duncan to go in there and play while Colin and I were busy in the lab. It fills me with shame to tell about the arrangements I had made. I had scattered pornographic pictures of the most indecent nature around the office... among them were pictures of rugged seamen with their gaudy tattoos fucking boys in licentious positions, and explicit pictures of erect cocks in all sizes and shapes. There were also some obscene statues of the most profane kind. I also had loosened one of the wall panels assuring that the boy had a direct view into the lab.

As soon as Duncan was settled in the adjacent office, I locked the door to calm Colin's nerves, lifted him on top of my desk and started stripping off his clothes. I sucked his erect nipples to make him moan, and looking indirectly toward the loosened wall panel, I saw that my audience had found the peep hole and was ready for the show. I opened Colin's legs and began to suck and lick his crotch while the horny boy responded beautifully with a low moan. I then stripped off my own clothes taking care that Duncan always had an unrestricted view of my erect cock and hairy ass. I made Colin kneel in front of me and suck my turgid tool, occasionally pulling it out almost completely revealing the glistening thick shaft to Duncan and then thrusting it back into his brother's drooling mouth. I lifted Colin on top of the desk again and made him bend over exposing his tight pucker.

With my finger I fondled his rectum and grazed his prostate until he desperately begged me to fuck him. Not to frighten my audience, I slid my rigid cock inside Colin's hot chute with calculated ease and buried it fully inside him before I started to fuck his delicious ass. Colin trembled and shivered as I rammed his butt with my stern weapon and I heard him sob and moan each time my cock plunged inside him. Colin then arched his back and shot his load, on top of the desk and his spasming body brought me to climax too. His spasming sphincter milked my cock until every last drop of cum was embedded inside his butt. I kissed and hugged the exhausted Colin, grateful for the excellent performance he unknowingly had given. We then dressed and I unlocked the office door. Duncan was sitting by a table pretending that he was reading a book, but as he rose I noticed a wet spot in his crotch. As I winked at him and smiled, Duncan blushed violently. With a high-pitched voice he hurried to tell that he had found an interesting book. "Would you like to take it home with you?", I asked looking at him purposefully. Blushing again Duncan turned his eyes to his shoes. "Well, let's keep this our secret. You can come over here whenever you like and I shall show you a lot of other interesting things as well", I said and put my hand on his shoulder. Without looking at me, Duncan nodded his head as we went into the lab. He soon left with his brother, but I knew that he was coming back.

JULIUS-96

The very next day I saw the horny little devil loitering around my house, but it took him a few more days to actually knock at my door. Looking a bit embarrassed and shy he stood out there and hardly managed to mumble that he had come to see more books. I let him in and took him to the office. I made Duncan sit down in a sofa and gave him one of the filthiest books I owned, with lewd pictures of a husky officer in his shiny boots fucking young volunteers in a barracks. I left him alone for a moment to go and lock the lab door. As I returned it was easy to see that the boy had an erection. I sat down beside him and put my hand around his shoulders "Have you ever seen anybody getting fucked by somebody?" I asked and Duncan shook his head. "Are you sure? I think I saw you watching as I fucked your brother Colin the other day" I said and Duncan blushed violently.

"Colin loves it and I think that you would enjoy it too. I can teach you, you know, if you want to learn how it feels to have a big cock like that inside you" I said pointing to a picture of a hairy bully burying his massive cock into an ecstatic boy. Cautiously I opened Duncan's shirt slipping my hand inside and fondled his bare body. As he did not resist, I pulled him closer and my dry lips brushed his temple. The blood rushed in my veins and my cock was hard as a rock when I peeled off his shirt and pulled the submissive boy into my arms. While I sucked his nipples, I opened his pants with shaky hands and pulled them off. I had a bare-assed boy in my arms now and my cock throbbed violently. I wrapped my arms around him tightly and kissed him with my open mouth. He resisted my intrusive tongue, but I managed to penetrate it into his wet mouth. The pure freshness of his mouth was intoxicating and I ate his face ravenously while tearing off my own clothes.

The touch of my furry chest against his bare body clearly aroused Duncan and he responded to my kisses eagerly. I guided his hand to my fervent cock and the touch of his fingers along the swollen shaft was enough to make me shiver all over. I pulled the naked boy into my lap and while fondling his erect cock and his tight ball sack with one hand, I opened his furrow with the other. I pushed my finger through his tight sphincter and shoved it in all the way. The alarmed boy jerked in my arms, but I held him in a tight hug and as I stroked his hot rectum with my finger, Duncan gradually relaxed and allowed me to feel him without restrictions. The same thing happened each time I added another finger into his tight chute, but I finally got three in, all the way to the knuckles. As I gently stretched his sphincter, Duncan gasped and moaned out of excitement. He now realized what was going to happen and holding him in a tight hug, I slowly pulled out my fingers and replaced them with my throbbing cock. When my plump knob plunged inside him, Duncan strained his body and for a moment there was an expression of panic on his face. "Calm down, boy. There is nothing to be afraid of. My dick might feel too big for you, but I swear you can get it inside you, just like Colin does", I said and forced my turgid cock inside him fully. I cannot express my ecstasy as Duncan sat on my lap, impaled by my beefy cock, pressing his smooth body against mine.

He soon got used to his robust conqueror and stroked my solid cock with his quivering sphincter. We kissed and fondled each other for a while and then I lifted him up, my cock still embedded deep inside him. I put him down on his back on the sofa and started to fuck his tight butthole. With vigorous movements I forcefully fucked him deep and hard. Duncan panicked, but I was so strongly captured by my lust that nothing could stop me anymore. His resistance was soon alleviated and he melted into my arms in total submission. Duncan's breathing became intense and I saw the gasping boy experience his first orgasm while I pounded his gripping ass with my inflamed cock. His ecstatic expression was so arousing that I lost all control and with rapid thrusts I ignited my charge and exploded inside him in a shattering orgasm. I collapsed on top of of his limp body gasping and heaving in exhaustion and it took me a while to notice that Duncan had wrapped his arms around my neck and stroked my hair with his hand.

JULIUS '96

Duncan liked what I had done to him, no doubt about that. In fact he became so infatuated with my cock that he needed it inside him every day and he was not too particular in which of his cavities I thrusted it.

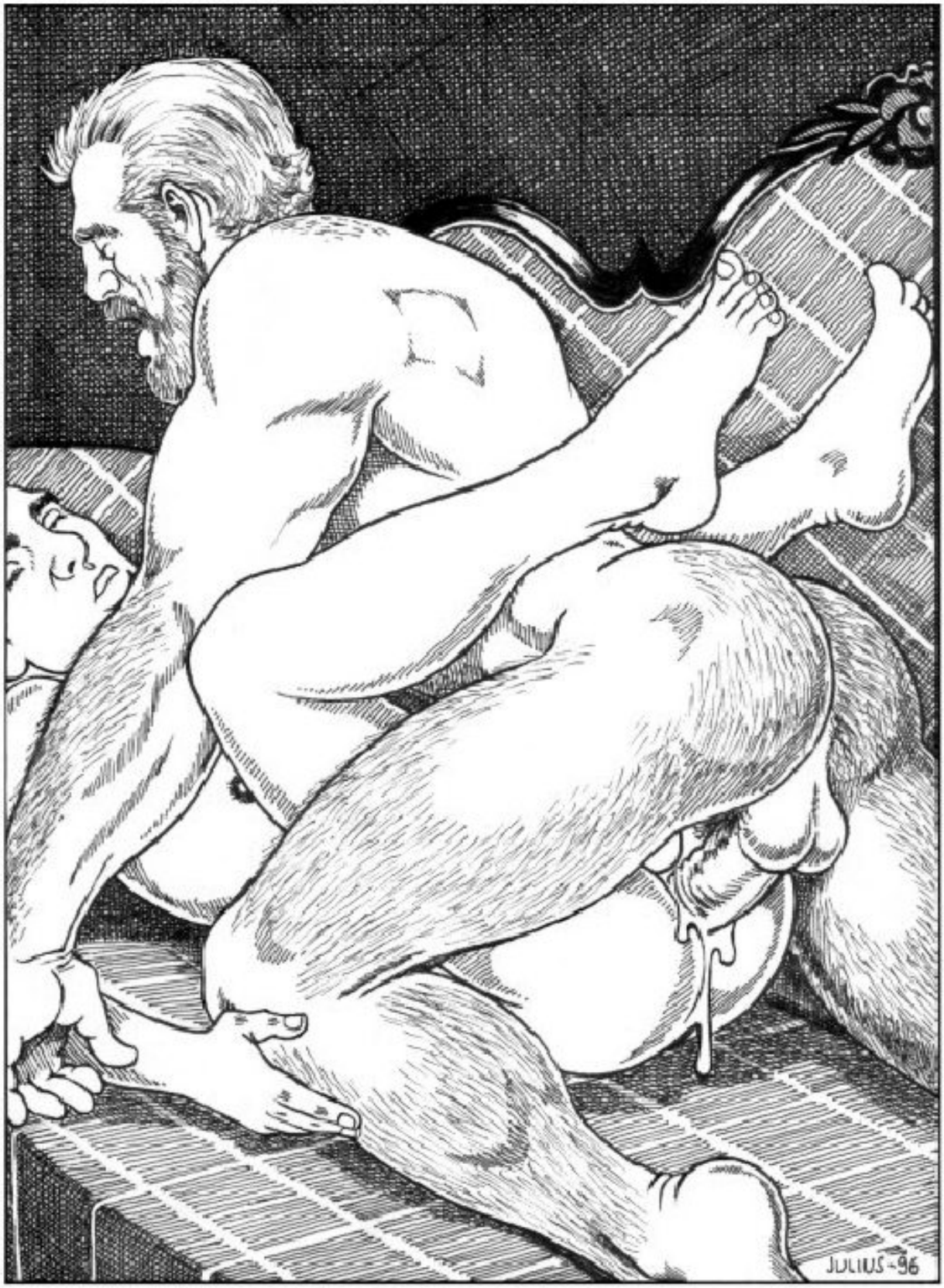
Watching his flaxen hair between my furry thighs and the serious expression on his face as he sucked my cock was so hot that he did not have to work too hard to make me shoot my churning cum into his hot mouth. Looking at my dong disappearing between his smooth buns was equally exciting and seeing the lust-ridden boy toss and turn in the ecstasy that my cock had created was pure dynamite. We fucked a lot and I usually locked the lab door to guarantee our privacy, but one day I was just too horny and forgot to do that. I was fervently fucking Duncan on the desk when Colin stepped in and looked at us in horror.

Duncan had obviously managed to keep his secret and a sudden exposure of our relationship and its true nature was a severe shock to Colin. Before I had time to say anything, Colin rushed out and hitting the desk in anger, I finished my fucking and sent Duncan home. As I said, not using the potion did not help at all. The transformation took place in spite of that and I spent most of my time as Mr. Hyde now. I was aware that Mr. Hyde was taking over and it was only a matter of time when I was going to change into that hideous beast permanently. For weeks I had fought against the inevitable, trying to find a cure, but all my efforts had faded. Fearing the consequences of my crimes and the horrid crimes Mr. Hyde was going to do once he had taken over completely, I finally decided to end my miserable life by shooting myself.

By the time you read these lines, my friends, I will have already done that. As a last favor I ask you to take the green bottle out of my medicine cabinet and destroy it without delay. Please forgive my sins and pray for the salvation of my tormented soul". The document was signed by Dr. Jekyll, although the signature was a bit messy.

For quite some time Professor Morrison sat in his study deep in thought, leafing through the strange document. He then made up his mind, went directly to Dr. Jekyll's laboratory and took the green bottle out of the cabinet. Looking at the glittering bottle against the light, he saw that it was half empty. Strolling into Jekyll's office he saw the filthy pictures and obscene artworks the Dr. had used to seduce young Duncan. Professor Morrison had to admit that his friend had found some very arousing material, as his own cock turned hard by just looking at the photographs of the lusty men and boys posed in provocative positions. He looked again at the green bottle in his hand and then shrugging his shoulders he lifted the bottle to his lips and took a long sip.

He recalled the vivid image of a young footman whom he had met earlier that day in Dr. Jekyll's house ... a boy who was still there taking care of the property until the legal formalities were over. Then suddenly, a fit of incredible pain hit Professor Morrison and he collapsed on the floor surrounded by all those filthy pictures, and convinced that he was going to die. It felt as if his skin was going to burst out of intense pressure inside and as if his clothes were strangling him. He then lost his consciousness.


JULIUS -96

FRANKENSTEIN

I have always been interested in science. Supported by my wealthy family I had the privilege to acquire a wide experience as a scientist, considering my age. After some unexpected deaths had occurred in my family, I became infatuated with that complicated phenomenon: the origin of human life. Where did our souls come from and where did they go? What exactly was the key to life that turned a bundle of nerves and flesh into a human being? Could life be created artificially?

For years I studied the subject and finally it was time to test my theories in practice. I had built a complicated life-support system and knew how to keep vital organs alive. All I needed was a body strong enough to endure the tests. I was lucky. One day a sailor had fallen from a mast and died instantly. He was brought to the morgue and since he had no relatives it was easy for me to get his body for my tests. In my laboratory I connected the body to my life-support system and with pride I revived all of his vital functions.

Since the robust sailor had damaged his brain in the fall, I had to operate and replace it. For weeks I worked day and night and my tests proved that the body functioned as it should in every respect, but it remained limp and lifeless despite all my efforts. At that time electricity was a novelty. It was tested all over the world with great success. I had even seen an article about a scientist who had revived the nervous system of a dead frog with electricity and made it leap. I thought that electricity might be the solution to my problem as well, but all my efforts failed.

Disappointed and morose, I sat in my laboratory. My mood was not improved by the horrible weather outside. There was a huge thunderstorm and the bright lightning flashed its ghastly light across the laboratory walls. I had failed with my experiments. All that was left was to disconnect the body and have it buried.

During this time I had developed a special relationship with the body. I knew every part of it intimately, almost better than my own. I had even given it a name. I called it Frankenstein and while working I was in the habit of talking to it. I admired its bulging muscles and perfect build. Its prominent cock fascinated me especially and made my thoughts wander. I loved to touch it and to feel the weight of its massive balls. What would that big fat cock look like when it was fully erect? It had to be a sight that made many a boy wince.... myself included.

I was deep in these thoughts when all hell broke loose. A huge lightning bolt struck to the building and a bright blue light covered all the machinery. Suddenly another lightning bolt struck nearby and in the ghastly light I saw Frankenstein lift his head. I had time to see that he also had an erection, a prominent hard on that made my heart miss a beat. He was alive, I had not failed after all. I cannot describe my feelings as I rushed to help him. I had to disconnect the life-support system and remove it. Frankenstein was clearly in no need of it anymore.

JULIUS-96

With shaky hands I detached the instruments and babbled in my enthusiasm like a lunatic. Suddenly I felt this strong arm around my neck and with tears in my eyes I turned to look at my creation. Frankenstein turned his head and kissed me on the mouth. I took it as a sign of gratitude, but then he shoved his big tongue deep into my mouth and pulled me tight against his nude body. I could feel his massive erection throbbing against my body. I was shocked and fighting for my life I managed to pull myself free and rushed to the door. But Frankenstein was faster and caught me in his arms again. He carried me like a baby back to the laboratory, kissing my face and my neck fervently despite my protests. He put me on the operation table and with his strong hands he ripped off my clothes. He kept me in a tight hug and I had no means to escape his amorous advances. I cried for help, but the building was empty and amidst all the rumbling of the thunderstorm nobody would have heard me anyway.

Then I felt the blunt head of his erect cock against my pucker. I was pinned on the operation table unable to move as Frankenstein gradually added pressure and forced my sphincter to give in and shoved the bloated knob of his massive cock inside me. I had never been fucked anally and did not intend to let it happen now either, but the brute gave me no choice. Grunting and growling like an animal he forced his terrible weapon inside me inch by inch. The pain was tremendous, but Frankenstein had no mercy and he drove his fierce tool inside me to the hilt. I was sure that such a huge member could not be located inside me without severe damage, but that was just the beginning of my ordeal.

Frankenstein began to fuck my ass with energetic strokes. His throbbing cock moved in and out of my strained chute and each time he slammed his robust rod back in again, he seemed to reach even further inside me. I felt as if I was filled with his cock and squealed out of agony. So far I had only heard him grunt and growl as he thrust his enormous member back and forth inside me, but as the pace of his fucking increased, I heard his breathing turn jagged and laborious. Intense moans momentarily interrupted his puffing and blowing. Then he flew into a fury and fucked my ass with ferocious vigor and vim, paying no attention to my prayers. His fury reached its climax and with a deep-chested groan he shot his load of scalding cum deep inside me. Bolt after bolt of it gushed inside my butt, and as Frankenstein finally pulled his cock out, the hot cum spilled down my legs and inner thighs all the way to my knees.

I was infuriated. Never had I been humiliated like this. My fear of this brute was less than my fury for what he had done. As I raged at the top of my voice, to my amazement I saw that the beast did not even try to defend himself. He bent his head and watched something on the floor intensely while I paced in front of him yelling my head off. Then he suddenly opened his mouth. "I'm sorry, Master. I thought that was what you wanted. All those weeks when I was lying on the operation table unable to move or express myself, you quite often fondled my cock. You pulled down my foreskin and fondled my knob saying that you would like to know how it feels to have such an immense perforator inside your ass, remember? I just fulfilled your wish, Master', he said.

I was shocked. I had no idea that the beast had heard all that I had said and I blushed remembering some of my juicier comments. Frankenstein was sure to use them as an excuse to fuck me again. Standing there naked, my butt aching and his cum dripping out of my ass was extremely humiliating. I was a prominent scientist who had just made a major breakthrough, only to be raped and assaulted as a result. I grabbed the remains of my clothes and rushed to the door. Frankenstein did not try to follow me. I then asked him to go saying that I did not want to have anything further to do with him. I was going to leave now, but I was going to return with a police officer and have him arrested if he still was here. As I closed the door behind me, I saw him immobile, leaning against the operation table and looking at his feet. He looked helpless and lonely, but that did not affect me.

JULIUS-'96

When I returned to the laboratory in the morning, the sun was shining and there was no trace of Frankenstein. All that had happened the night before seemed like a bad dream. I had washed myself very carefully and lubed my aching hole with a soothing cream. After a good night's sleep and a proper breakfast I felt fine and ready to move on. I locked the laboratory and went back home to pack my things. To put all this behind me, I had decided to spend the rest of the summer with my family. We had a house on the coast where we spent our summers and a lot of fond memories were attached to it. It was a perfect place to get over the nasty nightmare I had just gone through.

For several weeks I fully enjoyed myself. One day I was returning from a long walk on an exceptionally hot day, when I got a crazy idea to have a dip in the nude. There was a sheltered cove nearby where I stripped off my clothes and plunged into the cool water. As I returned to the beach, I saw Frankenstein standing buck naked by my clothes. It was infuriating to see that the beast had not given up, but was obviously following me. "I'm sorry to disturb you, Sir, but I'm in need of advice and I don't know anyone else to turn to", he said as I approached him.

"I think you owe me that. After all I am your creation and I'm in trouble because you have rejected me". In a way I might be considered responsible for creating this monster and with a deep sigh I sat down on the beach to listen to his problems. "Since you abandoned me, Sir, I have been hiding in the country. I followed you here but I soon realized that there was no place in your life for me. You would never give love and respect to a monster like me. In deep depression I hid in the woods wishing I would die. Then one day I was sleeping in the forest and as I woke up, I saw a beautiful boy standing by me stroking his erect cock. Seeing my opened eyes he got frightened and ran away. I shouted for him to stop and said that I was not going to hurt him and after a while he returned and sat beside me. I noticed that he did not take his eyes off my cock and it so stirred my member that it turned hard and lifted its turgid head high up in front of his widened eyes.

"Do you like my cock?" I asked and he just nodded his head without turning his eyes from it. "Do you want to taste it?" I asked and he nodded again. I leaned against a tree and pulled the curious boy closer. He then opened his mouth and devoured the bloated knob. He sucked and licked the swollen head making me moan out of pure pleasure. He then started to suck my cock and little by little my turgid shaft was embedded deep in his drooling mouth. I was gasping and heaving as the little rascal milked me with his hot mouth. He knew what he was doing and soon my churning cum cascaded into his mouth. My orgasm was so powerful that my cock remained erect and spurted cum for a long time. The lusty boy sucked and licked my stiff joint until he had swallowed all my juices. While using his soft tongue on my organ, he had used his hand to bring himself to climax and I felt his hot cum spurting on my thigh. He licked his own cum too and stretched out beside me with a grin like a Cheshire cat on his face. His name is Billy and he lives on a desolate farm deep in the woods.

When he heard that I have no place to live, he insisted that I follow him. He took me to the farm and presented me to his parents as a hobo he had met in the forest. With the harvest time approaching my muscular arms and broad shoulders made me appear as an ideal hired hand. They wanted me to stay and gave me a room of my own up in the attic. I got some clothes too since my attire was very sparse to say the least.

JULIUS-96

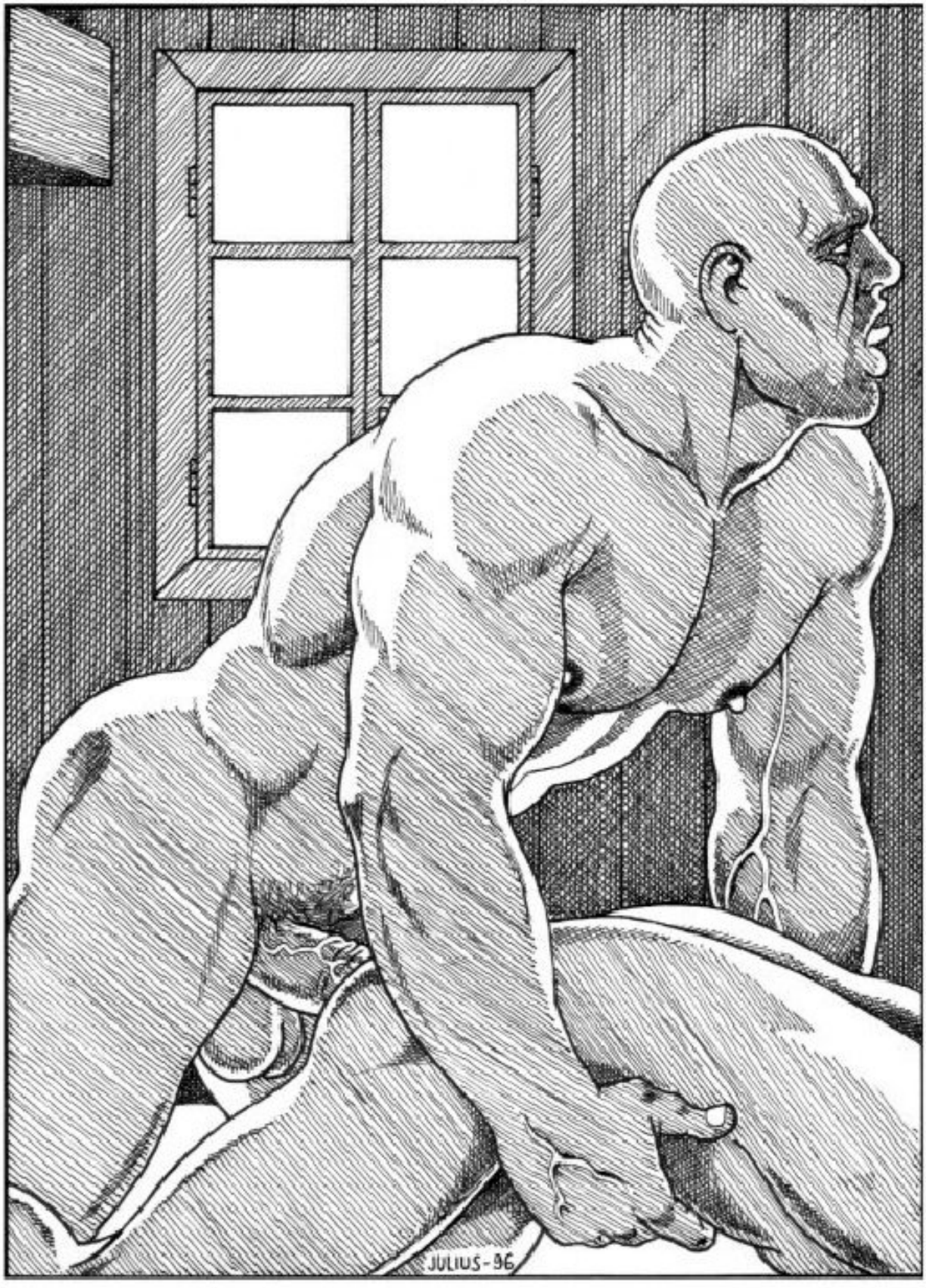
The farmer and his wife were religious people and soon after dinner they retired and an unbreakable silence fell over the house. Some time during the night I woke up as Billy sneaked into my room and climbed into my bed. The boy wrapped his arms around me and pressed his nude body against me. "I could not sleep", he whispered into my ear. "Do you want to suck me again?", I asked. "No, not now. I wish you'd fuck me. I have sucked our hired hands before, but I have never been fucked I would love to get that huge cock of yours between my legs" he whispered and licked my ear.

I did not need any further encouragement. I had a nude submissive boy in my arms and my virile cock was rock hard. I spat on my hand and lubed my twitching weapon, I then opened his ass cheeks and pressed the pulsing knob against his bulging pucker. With a vigorous thrust I entered him and my forceful intrusion made the boy suck air in through his teeth. That was the only sound he made and he wriggled his ass to take more of my solid cock. Getting it fully in was not easy even though I was leaking pre cum. Billy's butthole was extremely tight. Exerting all my strength and clenching my teeth I forced my throbbing cock inside him to the base. Biting his lips and holding back a desperate moan Billy arched his back to ease my penetration. Billy buried his fingers in my back and he trembled all over as my cock sank inside him. He became agitated and with heated whispers he urged me to fuck him.

"Please, oh please fuck me now", he said. "Your big fat cock fills me completely. I have never felt anything like this before. Please. fuck me hard", he wailed. It is hardly any wonder that I set to it with delight. As I pounded my swollen meat into him, Billy pressed his burning face against my pecs. I heard him panting faster and faster at the pace of my fucking. He then buried his teeth into my shoulder and bit me hard to subdue his frantic moans while he reached his climax. I felt him spurting hot cum against my belly and his spasms made it impossible for me to refrain from cumming. Trembling all over I shot my load inside his delicious butt. His thick, frothy cum was entangled in my pubic hair. After regaining his composure, Billy kissed me and tiptoed out of the room.

For a long time I lay in my bed listening to the absolute silence around me as I fondled my flaccid cock and sniffed my fingers. The heady scent of Billy's boy-juice still lingered on them. After my painful experience with you, Sir, I was now very happy. I had found someone who appreciated me and truly enjoyed being fucked by me. In the morning we all went to the field to cut hay. It was a hot day and Billy only had shorts on. I tried not to look, but I could not get my eyes off his sweet bubble butt. He noticed the prominent bulge in my crotch and did his best to arouse me even more. We were undressing each other with our eyes, but his parents did not seem to notice anything. Before noon, Billy's mother went back to the house to make some food for us and his father went along to fix his rake. They were hardly out of sight when we were out of our pants and fucking on the newly cut hay like animals. Billy's smooth butt and the intoxicating scent of his sun warmed skin made me wild and in the open air the boy expressed his enjoyment by moaning loudly as I impaled him with my rigid cock.

That night Billy snuck into my room again and we made love. By making love I mean that he left my room just before sunrise. During the daytime we often found an opportunity for sex and were sure to exploit it fully. As I mentioned before, Billy's parents were religious and each Sunday they went to church, leaving Billy and me to take care of the house. The church was several miles away and the trip took several hours. Since we had the house all to ourselves, we walked around naked when we were not fucking our heads off somewhere in the house. But during the nights we always had to be careful not to make any noise that might awaken his parents.


JULIUS-96

This had been going on for many weeks and since Billy's parents never showed any suspicion, we became more and more daring with our lovemaking- Many times only a mere chance saved us from getting exposed, but it only seemed to add our excitement. Last Sunday Billy's parents left for church as usual. Hardly was the door closed behind them when Billy rushed to my arms and started to peel off my clothes. As I stood there bare-assed, he tugged off his pants and leaned out of the open window to watch his parents walk down the road. With a devilish grin he wriggled his smooth ass and urged me to fuck him. The sight of the pink rosebud hidden in his furrow is enough to drive any red-blooded man crazy with lust and I am no exception.

Standing right behind Billy, I shoved my rigid rod inside him and began to fuck his ass while he watched his parents go. With long penetrating thrusts I made him moan out of excitement and soon the boy was trembling as I fucked his delicious hole with a furious pace. Billy's chute was so tight that it refused to let my cock go and his peachy butt wriggled to the rhythm of my vigorous fucking. Ecstatic relief came before Billy's parents were out of sight. As we blasted our ammunition we collapsed on the floor on top of each other. Billy's insatiable lust soon made itself visible in the shape of his hardened dick. There was a certain element of danger involved as we fucked by the open window as well as when we fucked in the open field. That seemed to thrill my daring lover enormously. So I was not exactly surprised when he led me to his parent's bedroom and urged to be fucked on their bed. At first I tried to talk him out of it, but Billy knows how to persuade me and soon we were in full swing. He was white hot with lust and we moaned and groaned frantically in our heated search for blissful fulfilment.

Suddenly the door opened and Billy's parents rushed in, and a terrible scene followed. While shouting the most disgusting insults they attacked me. Billy sobbed and claimed that I had forced him to have sex with me lest I was going to kill him. His father rushed to fetch his shotgun and I only saved my skin by jumping out of the window and running to the forest as fast as I could. Billy's father blasted some shots after me, but luckily I was not injured. When I made love to you, Sir, you got so furious that you threw me out of your life, never wishing to see me again. I made love to Billy, thinking that he loved me too, but instead I was used. I have a need to love and to be loved, like any human being but a monster like me cannot find anyone to love. So I'm asking you to create a mate for me.

You succeeded in making me; please get back to work and give me a partner. I don't ask anything specific, just someone like me whom I can love and who might learn to love me. After that, I swear I will never bother you again". I listened to this horrid story and deeply regretted that I had ever used my talent to create a monster like Frankenstein. In his twisted mind he had found a solution to his problem and just to keep him from causing further harassment with his savage sexuality, I promised to do what he wanted. In return I demanded that he must stay away from other people and he promised to do anything I asked if only I promised to give him a partner. I felt some kind of sympathy for him, I guess, but I had no intention whatsoever to make the same mistake again and my promise was soon forgotten.

After a few weeks, Frankenstein returned and asked how my work was proceeding. I used the opportunity to tell him that I was not going to bring another monster into this world. He appealed to my earlier promise, but my stand was unswerving. He was infuriated and threatened me with severe consequences. I was going to regret what I had done and with these words he rushed into the night. I was not too worried. After all, what could he do to harm me?

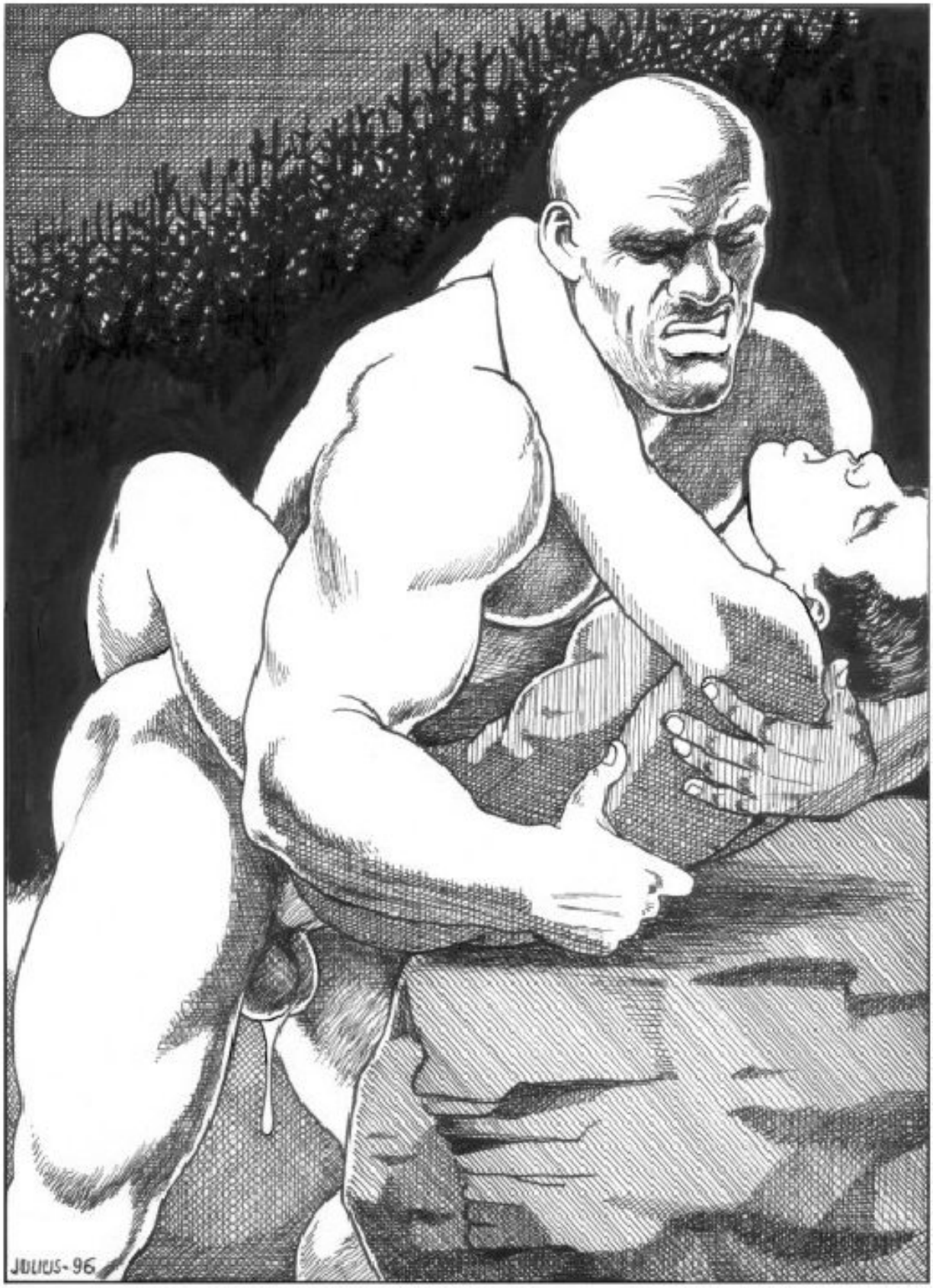
JULIUS -96

After a few more weeks I noticed that my younger brother, Peter, had turned absent minded and seemed to be away from the house most of the time. At first I did not pay much attention to that, but when it turned out that he had lied a lot lately, I became concerned. On several occasions he had claimed that he had spent time with some of his friends and yet these friends knew nothing about it. In fact they had not seen him for weeks. He had said he was going to play tennis, but was seen on the other side of town with some mysterious stranger. I decided it was time for a talk with young Peter. At first he did not admit anything, but seeing that I knew about his lies, he said that he was taking lessons in sailing. His tutor was a fisherman whom he had met on the pier. The season was always ended with a big regatta and Peter intended to participate. He wanted to surprise the rest of the family and prayed that I would keep his secret. He was so convincing and seemed so honest that I was totally fooled by his explanation and promised to give him my full support.

One night I was standing on the balcony enjoying the balmy weather and full moon, when Peter opened his window and threw something out that looked like a rope. Then the light in his room went off and soon I saw him climbing down the wall supporting himself on the rope. As Peter reached the ground he gave a quick look back at the house as if making sure that nobody had seen him, and then rushed into the woods. He had not noticed me as I was standing in a deep shadow. It was close to midnight and Peter's behavior was so peculiar that I decided to follow him. I quickly put my clothes on and rushed after him. I knew the path he had used, it led to a small opening in the forest. In the pale moonlight the path was visible, but I had to move cautiously not to stumble on the sticks and stones. As I reached the small opening I saw them immediately. In the light of the moon I saw buck naked Frankenstein fucking my nude brother who was stretched out on a boulder. They were so concentrated on their lovemaking that they had not noticed me. Biting my knuckles I hid myself behind a tree in the deep shadows. Judging by Peter's behavior, he was not a reluctant victim, but participated in the shameful act willingly. I could easily hear their puffing and blowing, Peter's deep moans as Frankenstein pounded his innards with his terrifying tool and Frankenstein's fierce growling as he embedded his huge cock deeper and deeper into my delirious brother.

Moonlight glistened on the brute's wet back. Peter had wrapped his slender arms around the monster's neck as Frankenstein, pumping his strong hips forcefully, fucked him deep and hard. Soon Peter's moans turned into an intense howling and I saw his body spasming as Frankenstein - purring gruffly - emptied his cock-juices inside my ecstatic brother. For a while they laid on top of each other and I saw Peter to kiss the beast passionately. Frankenstein then pulled his wet cock out, grabbed Peter into his arms and carried him into the forest. I was the sole witness of this disgusting sight and did not know what to do. Peter was clearly more than willing to follow the beast. I was afraid that if I interfered in any way the furious brute might kill my brother.

For quite some time I stood undecided in the shadows and then rushed back to the house. I went back to the balcony and wrapped myself in a blanket and waited for Peter's return. The sky was already pink with the rays of the rising sun as Peter stepped out of the lush green foliage and headed back towards the house. My balcony was still in a deep shadow and he did not notice me. Extremely skillfully Peter climbed up the wall and vanished inside his room. He then pulled in the rope and closed the window. It all happened so effortlessly and quietly that he must have done it often. The fury inside me gained momentum, but there was nothing I could do without waking up the whole house. I just could not tell my parents that the monster I had created was fucking my brother.


JULIUS-96

When I woke up it was noon and Peter had already left. As he returned in the afternoon I pulled him into my room and told him that I had seen him going out at night and demanded an explanation. At first he tried to deny it all, but then he admitted that he had gone out to meet his fisherman friend and they had gone out fishing. I was so infuriated by his lies that I forced him over my knees and tugged off his shorts. I was going to spank him, but then the rank smell of cum hit my nose and I saw fresh semen oozing out of his reddened butt. The all night fucking had not been enough to satiate Peter's covetousness, the little slut had satisfied his lover with his butt quite recently. I went berzerk and shouted at him, telling him that I knew everything and was going to tell everybody, unless he promised not to see the monster again. At first Peter looked at me in disbelief and then he cried a little. I tried to console him, but he brushed my hand away and rushed into his room and locked the door. As he did not come downstairs for dinner, I told my parents that Peter was upset and angry with me and suggested that we don't pay any attention to his behaviour. But when he did not come downstairs for breakfast either, I broke his door open and saw that the room was empty and there was a note on Peter's bed. In the note he said that we should not be worried. He had fallen in love with someone and since he had reason to believe that we were not going to accept his partner, he thought it was better to move out and live with his lover.

That note made me so mad that I swore I was going to catch Frankenstein one way or another and kill him. I would free the world of that monster who not only had raped me, but also had molested my younger brother and finally robbed him from his family.

I soon found out that Frankenstein had actually worked as a fisherman and had lived in a ramshackle cottage on the beach. He had left for the sea with his young companion as usual, but they had not returned. For weeks I studied all the news papers of the area very carefully. I was already losing hope when I saw a small item about a man and a boy being arrested for indecency in a small town further north up the coast. A man and a boy had been caught having sex on the beach in broad daylight. There was no doubt in my mind about their identity and I traveled as fast as I could up there. Unfortunately I arrived too late. On their first night in the cell the man, who was unusually big and muscular, had broken the door open and escaped with the boy into the night. They had not been seen since.

The local Police Commissioner kindly showed me the damaged cell and the guard there told me more about the outrageous incident. A few ladies had been walking on the beach when they saw a big muscular man in his birthday suit molesting a nude boy. They were so absorbed by their reckless debauchery that they paid no attention to the shocked ladies who found a policeman and had them arrested. They were taken into a cell, but such was their insolence that they spent their time doing things for which they had been arrested in the first place. The guard had watched as the lusty boy sucked the man's enormous cock quite shamelessly. The boy had looked at the guard with a devilish gleam in his eyes as he slid his drooling mouth up and down the robust length of the man's sturdy cock. Soon the trembling man began to moan savagely and each movement of the boy's avid mouth further increased his agony. The veins on the swollen shaft were bulging as if they had been carved. They glistened in the dim light, lubed by the boy's wet mouth. Then the fearsome tool began to twitch and jerk visibly and arching his back the man blasted his ammunition into the boy's
mouth. The boy sucked and licked the thick cream and looking at the guard teasingly, he slowly licked his slips.

Deeply disturbed by the disgusting sight, the guard had hurried to the john and locked himself in. When he finally came out, the cell door had been broken and the prisoners had escaped. It took time for the guard to calm down enough to report the escape.

Futile as my efforts had been, I was convinced that I was on the right trail. With the coming months I moved further north, hunting my prey from town to town. They managed to escape me time and time again, but I was not going to give up. As I went on with my questioning I was told that a man fitting my description had moved into a desolate cottage in the mountains. My informer knew nothing of any companion, but it was possible to hide anybody up there. Finding the right cottage was not easy, but while I was keeping an eye on one of them, I happened to see Frankenstein carrying firewood into it. There was no trace of Peter and I was afraid that Frankenstein might keep him imprisoned. I had to take Frankenstein by surprise and that meant waiting for the sun to go down. In the darkness it would be easy to get into the cottage without alarming the brute in advance. I kept a close watch on the it, but I saw no movement for the rest of the day. When the sun finally sank behind the mountains, I quickly approached the cottage. As I stormed in with a gun in my hand, Frankenstein was waiting for me. Somehow he had noticed me and without any difficulty he imprisoned me with his strong arms and I lost my gun immediately. "I have been waiting for you, Master. What took you so long?" he said softly while tying my arms behind my back. "What have you done to Peter?", I shouted.

Without bothering to answer he pushed me on top of the bed. He then forcefully pulled off my pants and tied my feet to the bedposts. He did the same to my hands and soon I was spreadeagled on top of the bed as Frankenstein cut off the remains of my clothes with his knife. Sifting down by the blazing fire he unhurriedly started to strip off his clothes. "I'm sorry that I have to tie you down, Master, but your intention was to kill me and I cannot allow that to happen. For the time being you'll remain my prisoner and I regret the hardships you'll have to endure, but life up here is hard for everybody", Frankenstein said and came close to me. As he fondled my bare ass with his big hand, the painful memory of my humiliation returned and made me blush out of shame.

"You beast, you molested my younger brother. What have you done to him?" I asked again. "I never molested your brother', he said. "As a matter of fact, it was Peter who seduced me. I admit that with his good looks and that beautiful bubble butt the seduction of a lonely and lusty man was not a difficult task. While I waited for you to start the work we agreed on, I rented a cottage and became a fisherman. Peter used to hang around on the beach. After cleaning my daily catch I had to wash myself thoroughly and I saw that Peter devoured my nudity with his eyes. I didn't know then that he was your brother and according to our agreement I did nothing to attract him. Then one day, after you had broken our agreement, Peter came over and asked whether he could help me. Peter is a nice boy and I certainly could use the helping hand. He started to go out fishing with me and within a few days we became lovers. We used to fuck in the boat out on the open sea, but soon he started to spend the nights with me also. I knew that he did it without asking permission but I did not care. I sometimes went out to meet him and that's how I found out that he is your brother. Together we then returned to the cottage, stopping to kiss and make love whenever and where ever we wanted. He was hot and willing, that was all that mattered. I could not get enough of him".

While telling me this, Frankenstein fondled my furrow and the tip of his finger teased my pucker. Slowly he pushed it inside me and there was nothing I could do to avoid it. "Then one night Peter came in crying", Frankenstein continued. "He said that you had found out all about us and threatened to tell, unless Peter promised he'd never see me again. The poor boy was desperate and urged me to take him with me and never to come back. I did not want to break his heart; he had suffered enough in the hands of you, his cruel and callous brother. At dawn we sailed north and I did my best to calm him. On our first stop I left him on board sleeping and went ashore to buy some food. He had awakened in my absence and afraid that I had left him, Peter rushed after me. To assure that I still loved him, Peter made me fuck him on the beach and we were arrested. The guard was so aroused by Peter's good looks that he hung around our cell eyeing us.

JULIUS-96

Peter teased him by pulling out my cock and sucking it in a most provocative manner. The poor man became so agitated that he left his keys on the table and rushed into the john to jack off. In a few seconds we were out and and left town in a hurry"

While he told me all this, Frankenstein had plunged his finger deep inside me and with circular movements stroked my chute. He then added more fingers one by one and grazed my prostate forcing me to bite my lips not to moan. "We sailed along the coast for weeks. I succeeded in convincing Peter that he had nothing to be afraid of. I was not going to abandon him, but he had seen what was in store for us unless he settled the matter with his family. I suggested that he go home and return to school. In the meantime I was going to find a place to live in while I waited for him. I knew you were after me, but I could not imagine that you actually intended to kill me. You have caused a lot of pain, Master, and I think you deserve a punishment. Since you hate me so much and my love making was the worst thing ever happened to you, I can't think of a fitter punishment than to fuck you until you swear to leave us alone. After all, Peter needs me and I think that I deserve him since you broke our agreement".

While speaking, Frankenstein forcefully fucked me with his fingers. Although I was panting and gasping, I absolutely refused to admit even to myself that I had enjoyed his touch. To hide my excitement I verbally abused him which infuriated him visibly, Suddenly he climbed onto the bed and blatantly raped me. With fierce thrusts he shoved his enormous cock inside me forcing all the air from my lungs. I clenched my teeth not to cry as my whole body trembled under his fierce attack. Frankenstein clearly enjoyed humiliating me and he took his time in pounding my ass with his fat cock. We were both wet and sweaty all over when he finally blasted his load inside me. He collapsed on top of me with his throbbing cock still buried inside me and fell asleep almost immediately I felt enormous relief. Had Frankenstein moved me, he would have noticed that I too had shot my load. I would rather have died than given him that satisfaction. His fingers had inflamed my insides to the point that I had an orgasm after only a few strokes of his rigid cock. I could not understand how Peter could endure such a massive organ, but I had to admit that it was not totally unpleasant. Unable to move and nailed down by the weight of Frankenstein's muscular body, I listened to his light snoring. I don't know what happened to me, but feeling the warmth of his naked body on top of me and inhaling his masculine body odor while his big cock was still buried inside me, I suddenly felt safe and secure. In the warm darkness his even breathing sounded like the slow pulse of an ocean and the faint scent of pine and pitch on his skin made me press my face against his hairy arm.

I woke up abruptly at dawn to a ferocious fucking. Growling and grunting gruffly, Fankenstein force-fed my ass with his beefy cock. He was rough and mean and his weapon was so hard that each stroke made me suck air through my teeth. I was determined not to show any weakness and suffered the most vicious fucking Without uttering a word,I came to regret that, though, as the days passed. Frankenstein kept me tied to the bed most of the time and tried to break my will with his violent cock. He fucked me regularly four, five times a day, never showing any emotional involvement. The rest of the day he spent out hunting and cutting firewood. I had a lot of time to think and I must admit that I was not so sure about my righteousness any more, but to confess that I regretted what I had done was not easy. When I finally did, Frankenstein did not believe me. "I'm sorry, Master. I have not seen any signs of change yet", he said and left me alone in my misery.

That night he released my legs, though, and allowed me to lie on my back as he fucked me. I had lost all my pride and felt no shame as I eagerly responded to his fierce fucking. Then, after few more nights, he released my hands also and I was free to express my true feelings. Frankenstein had tamed me totally and in his strong arms I had experienced ecstasy and bliss wihout par.

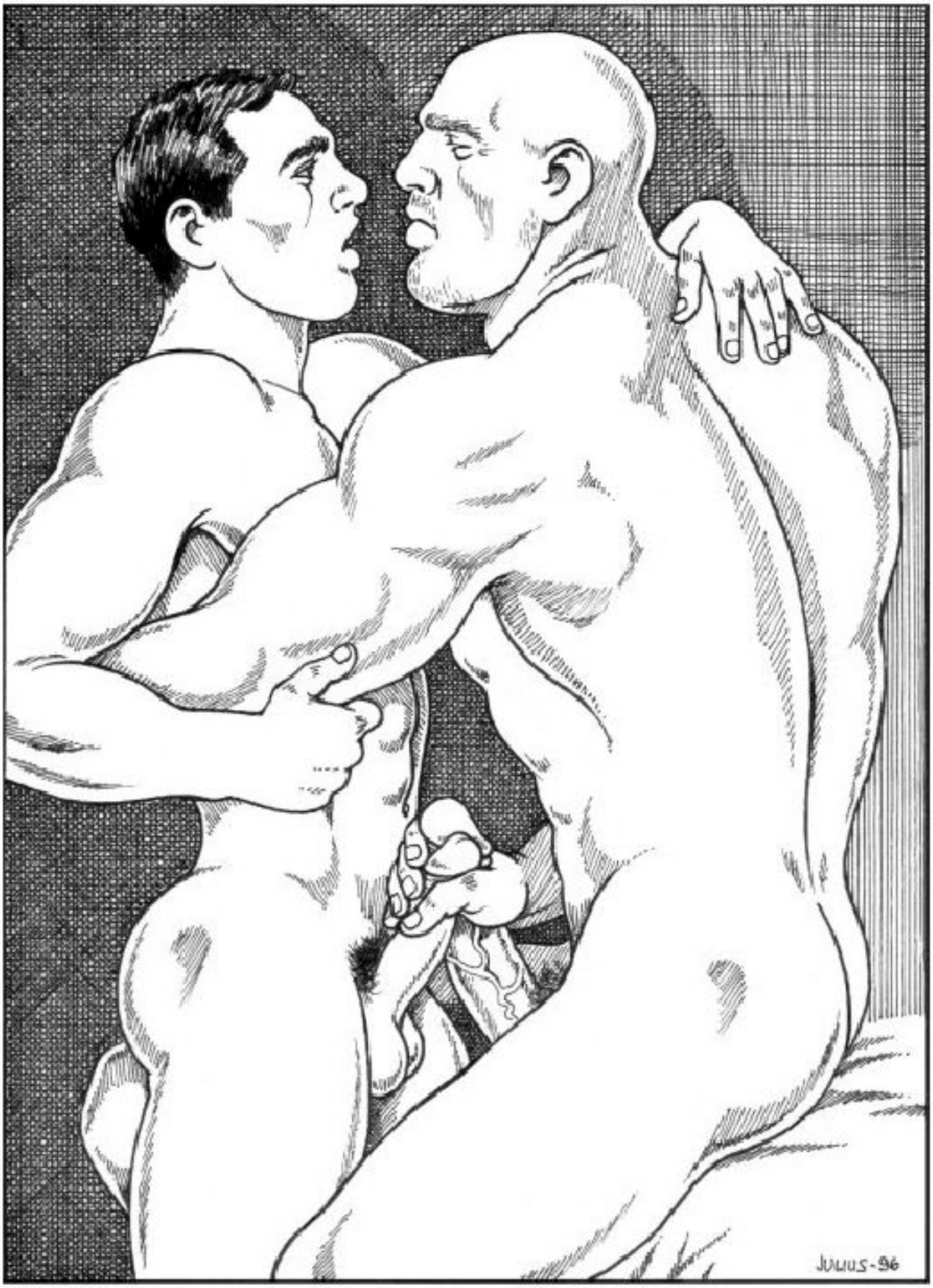
JULIUS-96

Not only had I no wish to escape anymore, but I was also afraid of losing him. Life without him seemed now bleak and unbearable and I would have given anything to make him mine, but there was also Peter to think about. Frankenstein had fucked me with exceptional energy and after we had recovered, I stretched out my hands to be tied again. He looked at me and said, "That is not necessary anymore. You know that I still lust after you, David, but I can't force you to love me or stay with me forever. You are free to go."

I could hardly believe my ears. Not only had he used my real name for the first time, but he had also confessed that he loved me. I've never felt happier in my life. "But I don't want to go, not without you anyway. I want to stay with you because I love you and can't live without you anymore," I cried out and pulled him into my arms, afraid that he might force me to go. He wrapped his arms around me and held me in a tight hug. "I love you too, David," he said in a low voice and gave me a kiss that curled my toes. Had I earlier thought that I really knew what ecstasy is, I would have been forced to think again. We were both free from our inhibitions now and the night that followed still makes both my cheeks burn. Frankenstein's fierce unemotional fucking had been exciting enough, but now that his technical excellency was combined with true love and affection, I was turned into an addict who could not get enough of the good stuff inside me. Every pore in my body asked for more and my virile lover did not let me down. Again and again he filled me with his heady juices and each touch of his gorgeous body was registered by my every nerve. When we finally were too tired to do it again, I asked, "What about Peter?"

"Well, Peter is a boy with a strong sexual instinct. Now that he has learned how to satisfy his lust, nothing is going to stop him. For a while he might have thought that he was in love with me, but I bet he already has a new lover. He is young and full of lusty curiosity. He may come back to me for the sake of old times, but he will never come back to stay. Don't worry, David, everything is going to be OK", he said and pulled me in his arms. It was the turning point of my life. That winter up in the mountains was a magical experience. I was mindlessly in love and was loved in return. Now my previous life with its petty academic ambitions seemed empty and without purpose. On sunny days we trekked up the mountain and Frankenstein fucked me in the snow. The cold snow under my ass and the hot cock inside me was a combination that gave me stunning orgasms. On bad weather we stayed in the cottage and made love in front of the open fire. Looking back it seems that we fucked most of the time. I had a lot of catching up to do. To think that in my callous prejudices I almost lost the greatest lover there ever was, made me ashamed of myself, but Frankenstein never blamed me. When the spring came, I reluctantly left the mountains and returned home to close my laboratory permanently and to arrange other matters. Peter had just ended his term and returned home abruptly- At first he was a bit cool, but he soon noticed the change in me and we became closer than we had ever been. I didn't dare tell him about Frankenstein and me or ask him directly about his future plans. But one night as we sat on the balcony, Peter told me everything that happened during the previous summer. How he had met a husky fisherman on the beach who used to wash his gorgeous nude body after cleansing his catch. Peter had devoured the hunky man with his eyes before he had enough courage to talk to him. The fisherman took Peter along on a fishing trip. In a small boat they could not avoid physical contact with each other even if they had wanted to. Taking up the nets their semi-nude bodies touched constantly and lusty Peter did his best to make it happen even more often.

Frank, as he called himself, soon realized what the horny boy was looking for and Peter lost his cherry as this fascinating man fucked him against the rim of the fishing boat out in the open sea. To Peter, the occasion was so memorable that ever since that day the smell of salty seawater always reminds him of Frank's fresh cum and he gets a throbbing hard on instantly. Peter became so infatuated with Frank's cock that when he didn't have it inside him, he dreamed about it constantly. At first they mainly fucked in the boat or in Frank's cottage, but gradually Peter became bolder and wanted to get fucked on the beach and even in the garden of our house. "Then you came along and spoiled everything," Peter said and told me about their escapade.


JUUUS-96

"After Frank had fucked me on the beach, I was so happy that I didn't care what anybody thought about us. The policeman was so obviously horny that I wanted to tease him a little. I wanted him to see Frank's monstrous cock and how I handle it. You ought to have seen his eyes when I sucked Frank's cock. Anyway, I'm not angry with you anymore. Frank is an exceptionally virile and potent man, and fabulously endowed, but I guess he is too old for me, don't you think? I bet he already has a new lover. That stud could never stay away from a nice ass this long. Besides, I've got Norman now. "Norman turned out to be the janitor of the boarding house where Peter lived in Rockham. One day he came into Peter's room to check the radiators. "I didn't have anything special in mind, but one thing led to another and before he left we had become lovers. I honestly don't know how I could have survived the winter in stuffy old Rockham without Norman. He is a red-blooded ass man and he has fucked me all over the place, from the boiler room to the attic. When Donald, my room-mate, was away, Norman always spent the nights with me and now I can't live without him. You will soon see him because he's coming to pick me up in a couple of days. We shall spend summer together camping and biking along the coast. Anyway, what are your planning to do?"

Holding my breath in excitement I managed to say, "Oh, I don't know. Maybe I shall hang around here waiting for that fabulous Frank of yours and then seduce him to fuck me on the beach, too." Peter answered with a ringing laughter. "That would be great! He would love that because he often asked a lot of questions about you. I might even have become jealous had he not taken such good care of my sexual needs. I think you two would make a perfect match, though. Frank's cock could change your life," Peter said making me the happiest man on earth. When Norman arrived I could understand why Peter had fallen for him. He was a hunky looking man with a beautifully built body. It was plain to see that they were very much in love with each other. I lent my room to Norman to let them stay close to each other, but I noticed that it was totally unnecessary. As I went upstairs to pick a book from my room, I found them so close to each other that there was no way to get closer. They made me long for my own lover pretty badly. I did a lot of soul searching during the lonely nights. I knew that I could never share my present life with the monster I had created. He would look out of place in any social gathering. You could not fit him into a morning suit or take him to a party without stirring a lot of unwanted attention. With his broad shoulders and bull's neck, Frank would look ridiculous in a tuxedo, but that was not how I wanted to see him. Thinking about my life before Frank and after he had fucked me made me make up my mind. There was no way I was going to give up my lover. I would rather live with him on the mountains than in the palaces without him. The more I thought about it, the more determined I was. Within next couple of days I arranged the sale of my properties and bought the cottage.

I bid farewell to my parents and returned to the mountains my heart pounding madly in anticipation. Would he be waiting for me? Now that I was sure about my feelings I could not get there fast enough. As I approached the cottage my heart sank because it looked abandoned. I had dragged my suitcases up here only to see that he had not waited for me. How could I find him again? As I lifted my eyes again, I saw the familiar figure standing in the doorway in his birthday suit. I dropped my suitcases and ran into his arms. He lifted me up and carried me to the meadow. He put me down among the fragrant herbs and flowers of the mountains. The former respectable scientist soon lost the remains of his respectability and all his clothes. Wearing nothing but a blissfull grin I was then fucked under the open sky and my ecstatic moans echoed on the slopes of the mountains. Soon the scent of withered grass was mixed with the heady smell of cum as the monster I had created took over and filled me with his meat. Full of vigor and vitality it pulsated inside me giving me a new life, a life I could not have dreamed of earlier. Strangely our parts were reversed while the man to whom I had given life gave it now to me. Frank was now the master of universe and he couldn't have found a more devoted and obedient subject. As the powerfull orgasms began to explode inside me, I was grateful that I hd never created that mate for Frankenstein.

JULIUS -96

JULIUS - 96